HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A
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THE PERILS OF STEAMER EXCURSIONS—A HINT FOR THE PROTECTION OF PEACEABLE PASSENGERS.—[See Page 494.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

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THE TELEGRAPH STRIKE.

THE great telegraph strike will be always memorable in the history of such events because of the instantaneous action throughout the country. It is very significant also as showing the nature and possible consequences of such movements at a time when enormous corporations and combinations of capital produce similar vast organizations of labor. The tendency of such concentration of capital, against which the feeling called "anti-monopoly" is the protest, is not, however, wholly inimical, as is often supposed, to the interests of labor, considered as an interest distinct from capital. In 1877 it was evident that common action upon the part of railroad employés throughout the country would produce the most serious consequences. They command all transport, and if they decide that transport shall cease, there is no recourse but to the old and long-disused methods of communication. The sudden and general interruption of railroad transport in this country would obviously be an incalculable misfortune.

Scarcely second to this would be the misfortune of a similar sudden cessation of telegraphic intercourse. The business of the country at the great centres of trade is now done so largely by telegraph that the instantaneous interruption or destruction of the system would be disastrous. Yet this is always possible because of the absorption of the great bulk of the telegraph business by one huge company, and of the necessary organization of the telegraph operators into one combination. This combination actually controls telegraphic communication as the railroad combination controls intercourse by rail. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the huge railroad or telegraph corporations should cultivate just and amicable relations with the power that can summarily suspend the business. The individual employer may readily find another hand to take the place of the one that leaves him. But it is not supposable that a corporation can at once or easily supply the places of thousands of skilled workmen all over the country. It is obvious, moreover, that the combination and organization of labor will closely follow that of capital, and the greater the aggregation of capital intent upon its own advantage, without perceiving what essential elements of pecuniary advantage are sympathy, justice, and generosity, the greater will be the organized association of labor; and the menace to society in this separation into two hostile camps of interests naturally related is plain.

But the duty of such interests is not less evident. It does not lie in an arbitrary and imperious assertion of will, but in a spirit of mutual understanding and concession. Strikes may be foolish. They may be ill-timed. They may be unreasonable. They may be often ineffective. But they are often the only means open to those who resort to them of declaring wrongs and demanding rights. So universal is the feeling that in a contest between capital and labor the advantage is with capital, because of its greater power of endurance, that whenever there is a strike it may be said almost as a rule that there is a general conviction that it is not without reason. Doubtless there are instances of strikes due to the reckless incitements of knavish demagogues. But a wanton strike is very infrequent. A strike may be generally considered to be the sign of an honest, even if a mistaken, conviction of injustice. In a great movement of the kind, therefore, unaccompanied by violence, as in the case of the telegraph strike, public sympathy will be found with the strikers, as it was with the telegraph operators, and there will be, as there was in that case, a general feeling that the corporation of employers ought to hear the complaint not incredulously, and apply the remedy. The general welfare and the public peace can not be promoted by chopping logic and quoting what are called economical laws. Undoubtedly it is well to remember the great law of supply and demand, but it is not less necessary to remember that there is a great deal of human nature in man.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.

No election this year will be more interesting than that in Massachusetts, for General BUTLER is a popularly entertaining figure, and he has arrayed himself against the honorable pride, the character, and the intelligence of the State. The General is almost too transparent a demagogue. He takes the whole thing good-naturedly, and his adroitness always serves him; but he evidently despises the people, whom he treats as stupid and very gullible, and his talk about reform, economy, and civic virtue has precisely the artificial ring of the stage appeals full of noble sentiment to the gallery. The General has plenty of "cheek," and while he poses as the champion of reform and economy, it is amusing to remember that he was the most strenuous and unblushing leader of the salary grab in Congress ten years ago. Nobody takes General BUTLER seriously. There is probably not a person in the party with which he is now acting, or in any other party, who supposes that he has any particular political principle, or that he would hesitate at anything which promised to gratify his ambition.

The General's onslaught upon the management of the Tewksbury almshouse has failed, yet it is the great measure of his administration. There have been abuses in that institution which have been exposed and remedied. But the eager Governor evidently thought that there was a general public suspicion of hidden misdoing which could be turned to account, and assuming the truth of every allegation, he has conducted the inquiry like a Tombs shyster bent upon a verdict at any cost, and not like a magistrate seeking to ascertain the truth and to do justice. His mind has been fixed upon BUTLER rather than upon Tewksbury. His professions upon the abuse of appointments, in an interview published in the New York *Herald*, were refreshing for their lofty tone, and for their truth if not their novelty. But his performances, according to the accounts from Massachusetts, have been ludicrously inharmonious with his professions. He holds, probably, with Judge HOADLY—who is, however, a very different man—that reform had better wait until his friends have secured the spoils.

This is the man, whom nobody in the country politically respects, who has been selected by the Democratic party of Massachusetts as its especial representative. There could be no more significant illustration of the spirit of that party. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS described it as being in 1860 a conspiracy against human rights. It is now as truly an organization to secure the "plunder" of the government. It does not even profess a principle upon any practical question. It does not assert that the contest is between policies. It insists that the election of '84 will be merely a struggle between the two parties—a fight for patronage. As such a controversy involves no principle, no national policy, no actual issue—as it must be conducted by personal attacks, smart tricks, taking cries, and the lowest arts of the demagogue, General BUTLER is fitly selected by the Massachusetts Democracy as its representative. It could not do better. He is the type of the present attitude and purpose of the party. He would necessarily occupy a high place in a Democratic national administration, and in carefully observing him every voter can see to what kind of control Democratic success would consign the government. The Massachusetts election, as we say, will be interesting. But the General will have to fight for victory. He can not have gained a single vote by his course, and while every vote that could be cast for him was undoubtedly thrown last year, many of them will this year be thrown against him, with a large number of votes that did not come out. Those who wished "to see what the old man would do" have seen enough, and, having gratified their curiosity, they will probably vote this year for the honor and the principles of Massachusetts.

MR. TURPIN AND THE REV. DR. DODD.

THE Democrats usually carry the election overwhelmingly some months before it takes place. They proclaim themselves to be the party of avenging virtue, and all goes prosperously until the votes are counted, when it turns out that they have not enough. The explanation both of this seeming prosperity and of the fatal want at the polls is obvious. The party in power is judged by every wrong deed and by every wrong-doer. Even its own intelligent and independent members join in the criticism and censure, and to that degree are in sympathy and harmony with the opposition. The general tone of comment seems to be adverse to the dominant party. In this situation the eager but obtuse opposition sees in every Republican critic a Democratic voter. It redoubles its loud protestations of horror and its professions of virtue. The excellent Mr. RICHARD TURPIN is deeply grieved that a pocket has been apparently picked, and the Reverend Dr. DODD has heard with inexpressible sorrow that somebody has been forging. It is too sad. But Messrs. TURPIN and DODD will be only too happy to guarantee the apprehensive against robbery and forgery.

When it comes to the decision, however, the frying-pan is thought to be quite as secure as the fire, and there is a general suspicion that DICK TURPIN is a queer defense against thieving, and Dr. DODD a droll prophylactic against forgery. This is the reason that the prosperity of the canvass vanishes at the polls, and that the Democrats who walk so gayly and triumphantly over the course before the race begins are, so to speak, nowhere when it ends. In 1868 they assured the country that if it wanted sound constitutional reconstruction, the Democratic party was still doing business at the old stand of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. In 1872 they announced their detestation of the unfraternal attitude of the Republicans, and their ardent desire to shake hands over a bloody chasm. In 1876 they implored a stricken country to rest in their temperate bosom safe from the hands of whiskey thieves. In 1880 they were sure that the only refuge from the Crédit Mobilier rascality was among the allies of Greenbackers and the residuary legatees of TWEED. The sirens sang, but the wily Ulysses, half distrusting himself, stopped his ears and held on his course—and saved his ship.

We are again approaching the election. It will take place in November, 1884, and already in August, 1883, the unwearied jesters have overthrown the Republicans, horse, foot, and dragoons. There is nothing left of them; they are sunk in the sea; and such is the awful fate of the once great Republican party. It is certainly dreadful, and it would be even more appalling if, as the boys say, we had not all been there so very often. But the country has had a serious experience during the last twenty-five years, and the one thing in which it will not now be deceived is the character and probabilities of the party to which it commits its welfare. Long tenure of power by a party is undesirable for many reasons. But a long tenure is not the worst of perils. The party which would relieve the country of that evil must be able to show that it will do better. Its protestations and promises will be impartially heard. Its explanations and excuses of its familiar career, of its performances when it has recently obtained local power, of its alliances and its inconsistencies, will all be patiently weighed. But unless something more forcible and promising is presented than has yet been offered, the judicious country will probably inform the deeply grieved Mr. TURPIN and the sorrowing Reverend Dr. DODD at the polls that their arguments are very touching, but that, upon the whole, it is not satisfied that they are the safest guardians of the national honor and the national treasure.

REPUBLICANISM AND TEMPERANCE.

THE receipts under the SCOTT law in Cleveland, Ohio, are said to be so large that the general tax levy will be probably reduced; and the revenues of the State of Missouri have been increased to the amount of $1,000,000 by the high license act. These are significant facts, and they will probably lead to a general adoption of the system. The tax upon the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is based upon economical and not upon moral considerations. The moral consideration, however, is doubtless very potent in securing the passage of such laws. The fact that the traffic produces drunkenness, and that an immense proportion of crime springs from drunkenness, and entails great expense upon the community, naturally suggests the taxation of the traffic as the most unobjectionable of taxes. It is a tax which does not touch anything necessary to subsistence. It affects nothing but a dangerous and unnecessary form of self-indulgence, and in the highest sense, therefore, it is a tax upon superfluity and luxury. Even those who, in the desire to propitiate the liquor interest, oppose a high license, do not dare to propose free drinking. They insist upon a low license as more equitable. But it is not more equitable, since a high license produces a larger revenue, and consequently lightens the burden upon actual necessaries.

The drollest ground of hostility to the high license act is that it oppresses the poor man by raising the price of his dram. This, however, is not true, for the high license, by limiting the number of traders, enables them to realize larger profits without raising the price, the traffic depending largely upon a low price. "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence," as the old English sign said. But if it were true, and if the high license did diminish the consumption of liquor, it would consequently lessen crime and the expenses of preserving public order. This argument against high license would then amount merely to saying that sober and honest poor people should be taxed more heavily in order that tippling poor people might get drunk more cheaply. Demagogues are often forced into ludicrous positions, but there could hardly be one more pitiful than this. The appeal for the favor of drunkards under the plea of tender consideration for the poor man is a subterfuge which does not deceive the American poor man, because he is not a fool. It is in accord with the traditions of the Republican party that it should be identified in Ohio with the high license law. There are always two tendencies in society, one to good order, sobriety, industry, intelligence, morality, and progress. The other is against them. Government

and politics are but indirectly concerned with them, because the object of government is to secure individual liberty, which may be trusted to promote virtue and social progress. But parties nevertheless will naturally be found, upon the whole, to favor or not to favor specific moral objects. This is especially true of the Republican party in this country, which took its origin and derived its force from a moral impulse. Its natural tendency is even to strain the powers of government to aid general enlightenment and progress. It is the Republican party which favors a generous educational policy, and which naturally attracts the especial friends of temperance. Every reform instinctively expects help from that party. The strength of the Republican feeling for a protective tariff lies in the conviction that protection is, upon the whole, best for the poor man.

This difference of tendency between the two parties in this country was signally illustrated during the tremendous controversy upon slavery. The Republican speeches and papers were full of personal sympathy with the slave. The Democratic orators and press either denied the wrong or were absolutely indifferent and callous to it as if it did not exist. The whole Democratic treatment of slavery regarded it as solely a legal question. The attitude of the party was that of Shylock. He held a bond upon which he asked legal judgment. It was a mere impertinence and extrajudicial to speak of suffering and human life. The Democracy was the Shylock of our politics in their most vital contest. In all the long list of Democratic speeches, letters, articles, reports, and documents of every kind upon the subject there is not a single throb of humanity. There was apparently no consciousness that the question involved the dearest rights of human beings. There was, indeed, an immense talk of rights, but it meant merely the legal rights of slave-holders. There was furious denunciation of Abolitionists for inciting attacks upon the domestic hearth and altar, but it was the hearth of the man-stealer, not of the stolen man. The slave was without care or pity or thought from the Democratic party, which made the country, whose government it controlled, and which perpetually boasted of freedom, the contempt of Christendom. By the same tendency the old party of human slavery is now the party of the liquor interest against the friends of temperance. But no Republican need be ashamed or anxious for his party because it is to-day the party of temperance in Ohio and elsewhere. The same impulse that made it antislavery makes it a high-license party.

THE DISAGREEMENT OF THE DOCTORS.

THE controversy in the American Medical Association upon freedom of consultation has excited great attention, and the rule restricting consultation has been as zealously defended as it has been assailed. We have received several earnest letters upon the subject, and one recently from Illinois, which is too long for our space, but which is written in excellent temper, except when the writer speaks of the repeal as gratifying a "maudlin sentimentalism." Such an expression shows strong feeling, but it is not an argument, nor even a conciliatory phrase.

The writer admits that there may be honest homœopathists (for this relief much thanks), and he says of the physicians of the old school, although he will not concede the propriety of such a designation, that "they are happy to avail themselves in their practice not only of the accumulated experience of the profession, but also of the aids furnished by anatomy, physiology, pathology, and organic chemistry." Then why not of the experience of an honest and sagacious homœopath? Why must the patient lose the advantage of the knowledge of his case, of his constitution, of his habits, of the thousand details which are indispensable to wise curative treatment, because the physician who is possessed of the knowledge is a homœopath?

The repeal of the rule simply permits a physician to consult with anybody whom he may think able to give him information. It does not commit him to a renunciation of his own curative methods, nor of his own theories of disease and cure, nor to a partnership with anybody. It merely acknowledges the professional freedom with which no physician ought ever to part. Indeed, the rule, according to the most authentic accounts, was not adopted to promote the cure of disease and the relief of suffering so much as to proscribe homœopaths. If that be true, it is not a rule which was conceived in a scientific or humane spirit, and which therefore ought to be repealed.

JUDGE HOADLY UPON REFORM.

JUDGE HOADLY has been supposed to be friendly to reform in the civil service, and some very excellent sentiments upon that subject have been quoted from speeches of his when he was not a candidate for office. But it is, perhaps, because he takes seriously the recent humorous remark that his friend Mr. TILDEN is really the father of that reform that he said upon a recent occasion, being now a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio:

"When the injustice of the last twenty-one years of exclusive choice from one party has been remedied by the next Administration, and the Democracy of the country and their allies, as representing more than one-half of the people, may perform their fair share of public duty, the time in my judgment will have arrived for a new departure upon the question of political patronage, and for the adoption of a permanent system of low salaries, permanent tenures, and choice according to fitness and not political service—in other words, the thorough abandonment of the spoils system."

If Judge HOADLY has really looked into the question of reform, not as a party advantage, but as a measure of public necessity, he must be aware that the theory of this remark is precisely that of the abuse which the reform would correct. That theory is that the subordinate civil service positions should be filled for political reasons. The principle of reform is that they should be filled in a manner to exclude political influence.

Judge HOADLY'S doctrine is that against which the reform is directed. It contemplates dividing the minor public employments proportionately among members of different parties. This was one of Mr. JEFFERSON'S fancies. But Mr. JEFFERSON never proposed any method of accomplishing the result. Nor could he or any other man suggest a method which would not aggravate every evil which now exists. If party and political and personal sympathy is to determine such employments, the logic is irresistible that it ought to determine them all. And whatever the logic might be, that would certainly be the result. Whatever the intention of Judge HOADLY'S remark may have been, the interpretation which will be put upon it by his Democratic supporters is plain. It means to them precisely what General BUTLER meant in saying that the government belongs to its friends, and Governor MARCY in saying that to the victor belong the spoils.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

AMONG our English visitors for the autumn the name of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is announced. He is the President of the British Board of Trade, and one of the most liberal and courageous members of the ministry. He represents the more popular and Democratic sentiment which in the GLADSTONE administration is allied with the old Whig aristocracy, and some of his recent speeches have had almost a startling sound to English ears, so unmonarchical was their tone.

The character of the ministry is one of the most striking illustrations of the singular ascendency of Mr. GLADSTONE. No other man in England could hold so strongly together elements so apparently divergent, and the secret is the extraordinary catholicity of his mind. He understands by sympathy the force of all the different views and tendencies around him.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a manufacturer in active business as well as a minister. In this country he will, of course, occasionally make a speech, and the Boston *Transcript* suggests that as a favorite argument with the high-tariff advocates is that British manufacturers desire to break down our tariff, and contribute vast sums of "British gold" to accomplish their fell purpose of seizing and monopolizing our market, if a manufacturer like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should dilate upon free trade it would be an illustration of the truth of the alleged iniquitous object which the high protectionists would turn to the utmost account. This is undoubtedly true. But if Mr. CHAMBERLAIN comes, and the occasion justifies such a course of remark, we suppose that he will leave nobody in any doubt of his views upon the question of free trade.

A SUGGESTION CORRECTED.

THE Easy Chair of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, in commenting upon the interesting scene at the final interment of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, mentioned a letter which it had received, written evidently in perfect good faith, which suggested that Mr. PAYNE had been married, and that the yearning for home, sweet home, of his famous song was a mere play of the imagination.

This suggestion of a correspondent, although honestly and respectfully made, is decried as a gross error by an authority which is not to be questioned. The correspondent of the Easy Chair doubtless confounded Mr. PAYNE with a younger brother, in whose house the poet lived for many years, and to whose wife he addressed some of his most entertaining letters.

The same authority deplores the injustice of some of the recently published likenesses of Mr. PAYNE, describing them as even caricatures of a face which was serious and intellectual, but at the same time bright and genial, with deep blue eyes in which shone a gentle light, and wholly without the Mephistophelian air to which the Easy Chair alludes.

That monthly gossip, we are sure, will be obliged to us for correcting, some weeks before he could himself correct it, the suggestion to which he gave currency. But it was a harmless suggestion, unless it might seem to imply some attempt at concealment. That, however, was not implied. But none of his countrymen would willingly even seem to do injustice to the "courteous, kindly, and handsome" gentleman who wrote "Home, Sweet Home."

PERSONAL.

IN confirmation of some statements made in this column several weeks ago, we note that Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S novel, *Fortune's Fool*, is resumed in the July number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. We take pleasure in commending this fact to the attention of several writers for the press who some time ago manifested much anxiety concerning Mr. HAWTHORNE'S relations with his London publishers.

—At the time of his death the late Mr. PETER COOPER left in the hands of his family an elaborate *Autobiography*. The MS. of this work has been submitted to a New York man of letters, who, after an examination, will give an opinion respecting the advisability of publishing it. Mr. COOPER used to speak with pride and pleasure of this literary task to which the evening of his life was devoted. His habit was to dictate daily his recollections to a young woman pupil of the Cooper Institute who had studied stenography, and who read to him each day her copy of what he had said the day before.

—We take the following from the London *News* of July 12: "The friends of the scientific explorer the late Mr. FRANK HATTON [son of the London correspondent of the New York *Times*], who accidentally lost his life in North Borneo, will be sorry to learn that the funeral which was to have taken place in London is indefinitely postponed. It will be remembered that the body was rowed by the deceased's devoted followers to Elopma, where, after an inquest, it was buried with manifestations of affection and respect on the part of the population, European, Chinese, and native. Orders were given for its exhumation and conveyance to London. The medical officer of the tropical settlement feels compelled to decline to sanction its removal for the present. The Governor of Sabah sends this information with much regret by the mail that has arrived *viâ* Naples. The British North Borneo Company, in whose service Mr. HATTON died, will, it is understood, erect a memorial to his memory at Elopma. A number of wreaths and immortelles will go out from the family and friends next week."

—A friend of Mr. WILLIAM PAGE'S writes to us that although some of his paintings bear traces of having suffered, there are at least twoscore of them at his residence in Tottenville, Staten Island, executed within the last fifty-three years, which show no signs of deterioration at the hands of Time; also, that such important works as the "Farragut," the "Shakspeare," the "Moses," and the copies from TITIAN, now in his daughter's studio in the Sherwood Building—some of which will grace the Loan Collection in the Metropolitan Museum next October—are as fresh as on the day they were painted. Mr. PAGE'S well-earned fame is not in danger.

—That association of painters known as the American Art Union has had a successful exhibition of the pictures which went from New York to Buffalo, and which are now being placed in the Louisville Exhibition, whose managers have generously promised to give the Union twenty-five hundred dollars if they do not sell ten thousand dollars' worth of these works in Louisville. An art journal, to be called the *Art Union Record*, and to serve as the organ of the association, will soon be published monthly. It will be edited by Mr. DOMETT, of this city, and will contain contributions, pictorial and literary, from American artists and their most appreciative friends.

—A book-reviewer is pleased with Mr. SWINBURNE because of his roundels with rhymes to "baby." The poet in THACKERAY'S tale could find no rhyme for "babe" but "Tippoo Saib." Mr. SWINBURNE is more successful with "gray be" and "may be."

—Castle Frohsdorf, where the Count of Chambord lives, is a plain snow-white building, situated within a dense forest, about an hour by rail from Vienna. The word Frohsdorf mean's frog's village. Krottendorf, or toad's village, was formerly the name of the castle. Its chief ornaments are portraits of dead French kings and a life-size statue of the Maid of Orleans.

—The Rev. Dr. WORDSWORTH, for many years Bishop of Lincoln, and well known as a Biblical commentator, has resigned, in his seventy-sixth year, because of failing physical health, and "especially because I am overburdened with a sense of solemn responsibility for the spiritual welfare of the county of Nottingham, particularly of its great town containing a population of two hundred thousand souls, and requiring the vigilance and energy of a bishop in full vigor of mind and body."

—Mr. BURNE-JONES, the greatest colorist among living British painters, has not humbled himself to design a curtain for the back of a piano. The work is outlined in crewels, and has been publicly exhibited.

—Baron HUDDLESTON, an English judge sitting recently at the Northampton assizes, "strongly complained"—to use the words of a Northampton reporter—of the bad accommodations provided for Mr. Justice SMITH and himself. "The sanitary arrangements of their lodgings he denounced as execrable. The drainage was so pestiferous he could scarcely remain in his room. Unless this state of things were remedied, he had given instructions to engage other rooms, as it was not safe to remain in the present apartments." His Honor has no Coney Island to flee to.

—Mr. DAVID NEAL, of Munich, writes as follows of the engraving of his painting, "The Kneeling Nun," which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 16: "After some of my experiences with illustrated newspapers I was not in expectation of one of the best engravings I have seen in a long time. In fact, I make my heartiest compliments to the engraver, who has produced a picture far superior to the average of the best European illustrations."

—GOUNOD, now sixty-five years old, expresses the opinion that music finds its noblest and highest forms in religious ideas and sentiments. "You will see a religious thread running through all my operas and works of any importance. For instance, the cathedral scene in *Faust*, and *Polyeucte*, which is an absolutely religious opera. It is because of this feeling that I have given up writing for the theatre."

—The *Athenæum*, in noticing the death of the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, "an American translator and poet," speaks of the carefulness and excellence of his translations, especially those of works so difficult as JEAN PAUL'S *Titan* and *Hesperus*, and adds: "The most unworldly of men, he was dear to men of the world and to all literary men in America. His beautiful home at Newport was a centre of hospitality."

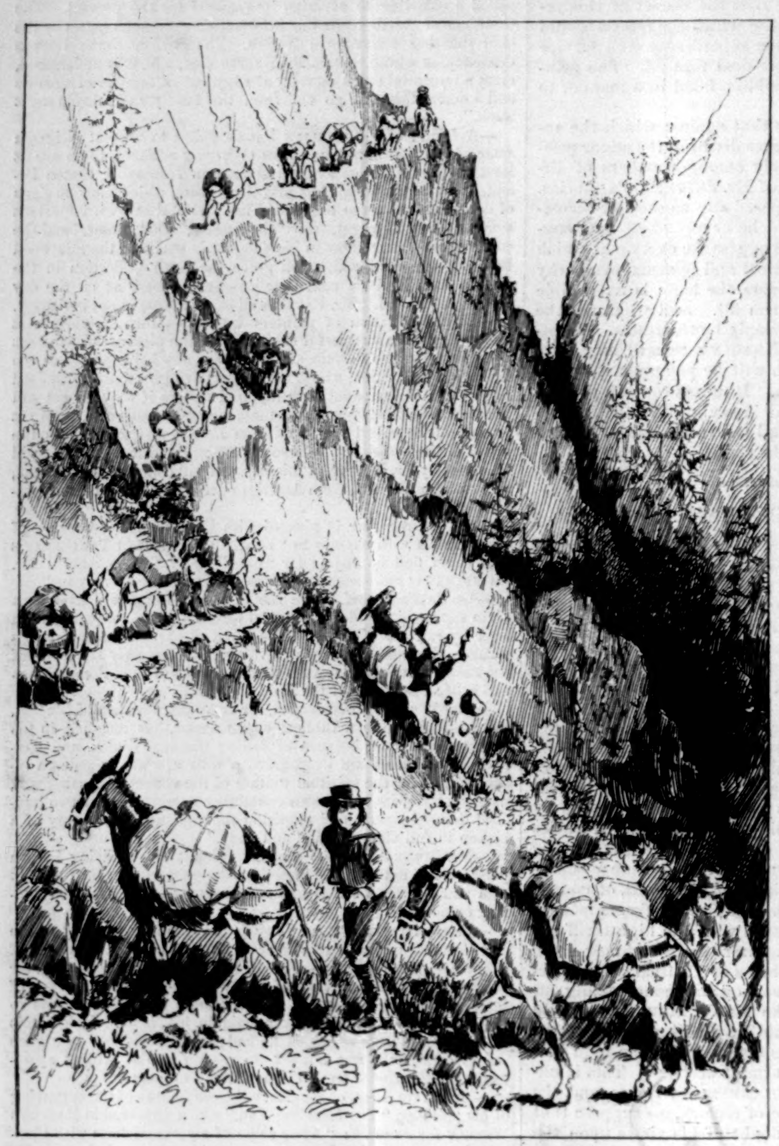
—Mr. HENRY IRVING is congratulated by one of his countrymen on overcoming a certain restlessness and fidgetiness, ascribable, apparently, to a nervous feeling that if he is not doing something when on the stage the audience will lose interest or grow weary. If Mr. IRVING can repress another infirmity, namely, that of overelaborating so soon as he is at his ease, "the American public will be likely to reap the full benefits of his remarkable gifts."

—Strawberry Hill, where HORACE WALPOLE used to live, has been sold. Opinions may differ (says a late writer) about the architecture and the taste of Strawberry Hill, but so long as associations keep fresh their charm HORACE WALPOLE'S house will remain one of the most interesting in England. It has been the resort of three generations of wit, wisdom, and frivolity, and it will be a pleasing thing if Baron DE STEARN, the new purchaser, should carry those associations on to another generation.

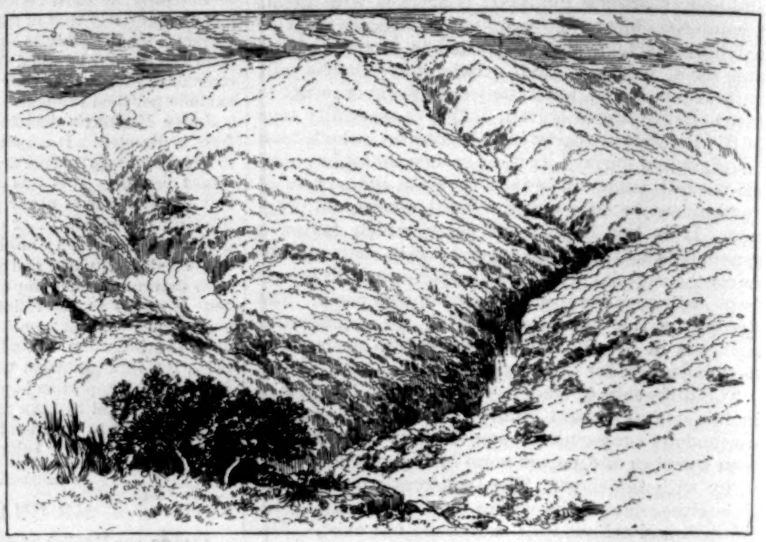
—One hundred and fifty Hungarians organized an excursion party to Paris, and on arriving there lived together like one family in the quaint Hôtel Lion d'Or, whose furniture, plate, and linen are a reproduction of the styles of two hundred years ago. They visited VICTOR HUGO, whom one of them saluted as the seventh great poet of the world, DANTE having declared himself the sixth. VICTOR HUGO complimented the Hungarians as a people who had "conquered liberty," whatever that may mean. A member of the party spoke of having seen KOSSUTH recently, who was wonderfully well at the age of eighty-one.

—Lord SHAFTESBURY is no pessimist. He thinks that notwithstanding "the enormous amount" of infidelity and skepticism, there never was so determined an effort to advance the kingdom of Christ, so much respect for the human race, and so great a desire "to look upon the poorest sort, and lift them from their misery."

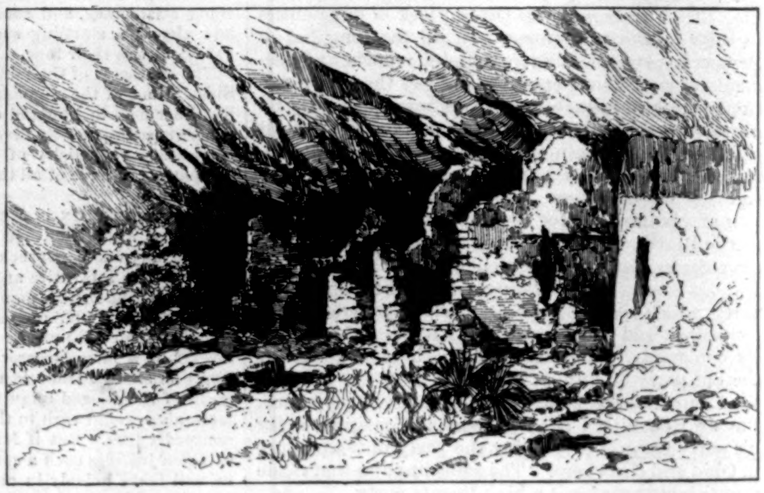
—A long letter from LEIGH HUNT to ROBERT BROWNING—long enough to fill half a dozen columns of this journal—appears in one of our foreign contemporaries. The writer justly accuses himself of "terribly digressing," and promises that in future his letters shall be "of reasonable dimensions," if Mr. BROWNING encouraged him "with a few words in answer to them." About two-thirds of the communication is occupied with extravagant praise of Mrs. BROWNING'S *Aurora Leigh*, and with first and last lines (or half-lines) of the passages that HUNT most liked in ROBERT BROWNING'S poems. "Did it ever strike you," he asks, "how frightful it would be to be wholly prosperous and happy?—happy all your life? I think or fancy it would have made me look upon myself as a sort of outcast from the general lot and its claims, doomed to perish wholly and be put out, as a thing completed and done with. The incompleteness argued against us all here is surely our claim hereafter—incompleteness of joy, incompleteness of knowledge, incompleteness of nature. I think God means to round all these things in human want and aspiration, just as He rounds orbs or oranges. He does not incomplete anything else. Why should He leave us poor and anxious imperfections incomplete?"



THE PACK-TRAIN, SIERRA MADRE.



THE BATTLE-FIELD.



RUINS ON THE BAVISPE RIVER.

GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE CAMPAIGN.—From Sketches by A. F. Harmer.—[See Page 487.]

THE WATCH ON THE RIND.—From a Sketch by Michael Hottes.

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM INTRODUCED TO THE FAMILY SKELETON.

It is the commonest thing in the world to hear people say that they would rather bear any pain themselves than see those whom they love bear it: such things are easily said. For my own part, certain reminiscences preclude me from making assertions of that kind; but, in common with the majority of mortals, I hate to witness suffering, and I think I hate even more to witness humiliation. Now, knowing every line of my uncle Bernard's face as I did, and every trick of feature and attitude belonging to him, I could see plainly enough, when he seated himself in his accustomed place by the fireside, that the communication which he had to make to me was one of shame as well as of sorrow; and I therefore devoutly hoped that he would blurt it out in a few words and be done with it. But he was not a man who cared to spare himself, nor was it his habit to speak without deliberation. He sat looking silently at the fire for some minutes before he began, in the calm, measured tone which he always assumed when he was at all moved: "I have a long story to tell you, Charley." And then, after another pause: "I don't know whether it has ever crossed your mind to suspect that I might have a son living; but such is the case."

This, then, was the great secret! Certainly I might have guessed it before, and the conversation which I had overheard during our drive back from Yarmouth should have enlightened me as to its nature; but somehow or other my conjectures had never brought me within sight of this solution, and its sudden announcement caused me a sharp pang. I can honestly say that my abrupt deposition from the rank of an Isaac to that of an Ishmael disturbed me very little; but I was mortified by the thought that my uncle, who, as I had supposed, told me everything, had concealed a matter of such importance from me all my life, and the only word that I could get out by way of comment was a stupid "Oh!"

"Yes," continued my uncle, who had not removed his eyes from the fire, "an only son. You think I ought to have told you of this long ago, and perhaps you are right; though there is something to be said upon the other side. Either way, I am not excusing myself. I can only make things intelligible by beginning at the beginning and going on to the end; and if I might ask a favor of you, it would be to say nothing until I have finished."

He glanced at me for an instant with an odd, shamed look in his eyes, poor old fellow, and I nodded. Then immediately he turned his head away, and, staring at the glowing coals again, resumed:

"My son Harry was born about five-and-thirty years ago. As it soon became evident that he was to be an only child, it was not unnatural that we should have been wrapped up in him, or that we should have talked and thought more about him than about any other subject. His mother may have indulged him a little more than was prudent, but she always gave way to me, and I was determined that the boy should not be spoiled. Then I lost her, and I had nothing but Harry left in the world to live for.

"I say that I had nothing else to live for, because at that time I accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and turned my back upon public life forever—which was probably a foolish mistake on my part. However, I believed that I had done with ambition and pleasure, and my one wish was to do my duty to the boy. As a younger man I had unlimited confidence in theories, and my theory upon the subject of training was that the Alpha and Omega of it was discipline. I still think that this is sound enough as a theory, but what I had not learned then was that, in a world so full of paradox and unexpected turns as ours, theories must be made elastic enough to adapt themselves to subjects, and that subjects can not by any manner of means be stretched so as to fit theories. I set to work upon Harry, and tried to make him understand that I represented inexorable justice quite as much as fatherly love. I never overlooked a fault, I never remitted a punishment, I never dared to be quite natural with the boy, or to let him suspect that I punished myself every time that I punished him—and unfortunately he required a good deal of punishment. Once he told me a lie, and I flogged him for it. I haven't a doubt but that this was the right thing to do, theoretically; but practically it happened to be quite the wrong thing. Instead of securing the boy's affection, I taught him to fear and avoid me, and, worst of all, I did not cure him of telling lies. After that first time he deceived me repeatedly, and I found him out; but I never flogged him again, because the instinct of self-preservation kept him from lying directly, and it was a part of my theory that offenses which could not be proved must be ignored. Of course I saw that I had failed, but I persevered with the system that I had marked out for myself all the same. You are saying to yourself, 'What a fool the man must have been!—what a prig!—what a stupid pedant!' Perhaps so; and yet I had taught the boy some good things. I had taught him to keep his temper, for instance, and to show physical courage when necessary, and to be punctual and cleanly. I don't know that my failure proves much, except that it takes a man of special gifts to make a school-master.

"In due time the professional school-master relieved me of a part of my duties, and then things went better. Harry was clever and quick at learning, besides which he was good at athletics. He was very much liked by his school-fellows, and he brought home excellent reports from his masters, so that all the neighborhood congratulated me, and gave me credit for being a wise and judicious parent. But only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. I was not proud of Harry, because unfortunately I could not help seeing that he was not to be trusted, and I was not happy with him, because he disliked me. Neither could I overcome his dislike. I tried my best, but it was too late, I suppose, and we never became friends.

"I tell you all this in a matter-of-course sort of way, but it was a great grief to me at the time. Besides Harry I had literally not a soul in the world to care for, for my brother Tom was away in India, and my mother was in Scotland with her husband, and I lived the life of a hermit. To him, naturally, our relations were not a matter of so much importance. He had plenty of friends of his own age, and during his holidays he was a great deal away from home. I made no objection to his staying with these young fellows, for I wished him to enjoy himself, and I believed that their society would do him more good than mine.

"So the years went on, and though there could not be much sympathy between us, I do not remember that we had more than one difference of any consequence. That was shortly before he left school, when he came, with a very frightened face, to tell me that he had been running up 'ticks' in Windsor and Eton, and didn't see how he was to pay. That in itself was no very dire offense, and seeing how ashamed of himself he looked, I made light of the matter, and assured him that if he would let me know what he owed and the names of his trades-people, the money should be paid directly. Well, he didn't tell me the truth; there were more bills than he had led me to expect, and the amount of them was about double what he had mentioned. That again, you may say, was nothing so very terrible; people under such circumstances very rarely do tell the exact truth, and the chances are that they seldom know it. Still, his needless duplicity vexed me, and when it transpired that he had borrowed what between boys was really a large sum of money, from a school-fellow, I fairly lost my temper, and gave him my opinion of his conduct in stronger language perhaps than the occasion warranted. You see, it hurt me to think that my son should have gone to a stranger to ask for money instead of applying to me, for I had never given him any reason to suppose me niggardly; but I did not wish to reproach him with this so much as to read him a lesson which should prevent him from doing the same thing a second time. So I told him that no gentleman would have acted as he had done, and a good deal more to the like effect, which I ought not to have said, and which did not in the least produce the result that I intended. He listened to me without answering me back—he was a great deal too much alarmed of me, I am sorry to say, even to dream of doing that—but he grew sullen at last, and when I asked him to give me his word that he would not, under any circumstances, request a loan of a friend again, he gave it me, and then muttered, 'Not that it is much use my promising, though, for you never believe a word that I say.'

"Every now and then it happens that some one—probably without knowing what he is doing—says a thing which goes through one's heart like a knife. When the poor boy made that perfectly just charge against me I could have fallen on my knees before him and implored his pardon. Unhappily I knew him to be a habitual liar, but I had never thought that he suspected me of knowing it, and I saw now how cruel my manner must have been toward him, and how inevitable it was that he should shrink from a father who seemed to despise him. Perhaps if I had said as much it might have done some good; but I did not think it would be wise to do that, and being unable to contradict him, I made no reply at all, but went away into my study, and was thoroughly miserable.

"THE MAN WHO DETECTED HIM PULLED HIM INTO ST. JAMES'S STREET, AND THRASHED HIM BEFORE A DOZEN WITNESSES."

"Harry was not long with me at this time. He had made up his mind, some years before, that he would like to go into the Guards, and very soon after he left Eton he joined the battalion to which he had been gazetted. For about a year I heard nothing but good reports of him from all quarters. His colonel, whom I knew something of, and who good-naturedly wrote me a line from time to time, praised him; he had some of his old school-fellows for brother officers; he went a good deal into society, was much liked by the ladies, and led the sort of life which I suppose that young Guardsmen who have the gift of making themselves popular ordinarily lead. A man may employ his time better than in dancing, flirting, pigeon-shooting, and attending race meetings, but then again he may employ it much worse; and if he have, as Harry had, an amount of intelligence decidedly above the average, such amusements are sure to pall upon him in the long-run. I was quite content to wait and let things take their course, and so long as the lad kept out of low company, and behaved himself like a gentleman, I asked nothing more of him. I did not even ask him to come and see me, knowing that it gave him no pleasure to do so; and, as a matter of fact, he never did come when he could find an excuse for remaining away.

"But after a time rumors began to reach me which made me uneasy. Harry was an excellent judge of a horse, and it was said that he was in the habit of turning his knowledge to account in ways which are not considered exactly dishonest, but which certainly do not tend to make a man respected. It also came to my ears that he was losing and winning large sums on the turf—sums very much larger than either he or I could afford to risk. I had to write to him upon both of these subjects, and he sent me plausible replies, which I tried to believe, but did not succeed in believing. And then, to crown all, came a very awkward and unpleasant business, which would probably have obliged Harry to leave the service if his colonel had not rather stretched a point to befriend him. I never heard precise particulars of the affair, and they are of no importance: the bare facts were that Harry lost several thousand pounds at play one night, and repudiated the debt the next morning upon the plea that he had been so drunk as to have no recollection of what had taken place. That, stripped of superfluous flourishes, was what he communicated to me in a very penitent

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

letter—written, I take it, when the general clamor had reached such a height that it was no longer possible to keep me in ignorance of it. No doubt you will think, as I did, that the excuse was worse than the offense, but I did not say this to him. I merely sent him the money, requesting him to pay what he owed forthwith, and expressing a hope that this would be a warning to him to let cards alone for the future. Meanwhile there had been a terrible fuss in London, where the whole story had been made in a measure public, and where the tide of feeling set strongly against the defaulter. However, as I said, the colonel took up the cudgels for Harry, declaring that the poor young fellow had fallen among rooks (which may have been true, for aught I know to the contrary); and when once the money was paid, this trouble soon blew over and was forgotten. So, at least, my good friend the colonel assured me; but in truth troubles of that description are seldom quite forgotten. I heard afterward that at this time the ladies with one consent showed Harry the cold shoulder, and that many of their husbands followed suit—as husbands are apt to do, according to my experience. Very likely this drove him into company which he might not otherwise have frequented. As for me, I could not at all forget what had happened, and for months afterward I lived in constant dread of hearing that my son had fallen into some fresh disgrace. Yet I never anticipated anything half so bad as the actual catastrophe which was about to fall upon us. There are things which must always seem impossible—even after they are over.

"You will understand that it is difficult to me to speak about this. I need say no more than that Harry was discovered cheating at cards. Of course that meant absolute, irretrievable ruin. If it had happened quietly, and among his brother officers, it is just possible that, out of good nature, and for the credit of the regiment, they would have hushed the thing up, and allowed him to sneak out of the service, and hide his head anywhere that he pleased; but it took place at a well-known club, and the man who detected him pulled him into St. James's Street, and thrashed him before a dozen witnesses. All London was talking about it the next day, and all England knew of it the day after. The newspapers were full of the scandal; leading articles were written upon it; no disgrace could have been more complete or more public. The unhappy wretch crept down here to tell me that he had been cashiered, and crouched before me, looking as if he thought I should strike him—perhaps he did think so.

"I don't know, Charley, what you would have done, or what other men would have done, in my place; but what I did was this. I told him that, after what had occurred, it was quite impossible that he should ever show his face in the county again, or that he should succeed me as owner of a property which had hitherto been held only by gentlemen. The entail having fortunately been cut off, I was in a position to dictate terms upon that point. I promised to pay him thenceforth an annual sum sufficient for his needs, upon the understanding that he should never make any attempt to see me again, and I suggested that he should go to one of the colonies. He objected to this, however, preferring a residence upon the Continent, and I did not press the point. There was nothing more to be said, and he left the house for the last time that same evening."

"And have you never seen or heard of him since?" I asked, after my uncle had remained for some minutes without speaking.

"I have never seen him since," he answered, quietly. "I have heard of him more than once, but always indirectly. It is extremely unlikely that we shall ever meet face to face again."

There was a long pause. My uncle, who had not once lifted his eyes to mine during the course of his narrative, was leaning back in his chair now, and looking at me much as usual. He seemed exhausted; but I could see by the expression of his face that he felt the relief of having accomplished a painful task; and I saw also that he expected me to make some remark upon what I had been told. Obviously it behooved me to say something; but what I was to say I hardly knew, and for the first time, perhaps, in my life I found myself out of sympathy with my old man. He seemed to have been so unlike himself in his dealings with his unfortunate son; his conduct throughout had been, according to his own account, so very nearly the opposite of what I should have expected it to be, that I was disappointed as well as puzzled. I quite understood that he should assume a more or less cold and indifferent manner, and I knew that he would represent his own behavior in the least favorable light; but there was no getting over the facts, and I could not help thinking that he had been harsh and ungenerous, if he had not been positively unjust. At last, in default of any more pertinent observation, I said, "You must have been very lonely after he went away."

"I don't know that it ever occurred to me to consider my situation from that point of view," answered my uncle, with a faint smile; "but if I was lonely, it was not for very long. I had scarcely lost one son before I found another in yourself. I adopted you, as you know, and I hope that in bringing you up I did not fall into the same fatal errors as I had done before. I have tried, at all events, to avoid them. And now I must explain to you what you have unquestionably a right to know—the nature of your position and prospects. I have never given you to understand that you would inherit this place at my death; yet it is possible—probable, indeed—that you will. It was certainly my intention when I adopted you that you should succeed me at Thirlby, my natural heir being as good as dead; but I would not make my decision irrevocable; nor can I make it so now, in spite of the urgency of my friends and yours. I admit that this is a little hard upon you; but I am sorry to say that I can't see my way to acting otherwise, and I hope in any case to be able to leave you a substantial addition to your own small fortune."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that!" I exclaimed, feeling sore and resentful, without any very good reason for feeling so. "I don't want to be the owner of Thirlby; I never thought in my life about whether you would leave me money or not; and I hate to discuss your death in that cold-blooded manner. Don't you know that to lose you would be the greatest misfortune that could possibly happen to me?"

"My dear Charley," answered my uncle, "you may have—and, unless you are very exceptionally lucky, I am afraid you certainly will have—many a worse misfortune than that before your time comes to die. In the natural course of things I shall step off the stage one of these days, and by that time you will see, maybe, that there is nothing to lament over in an old man's going to his rest, though I don't anticipate your adopting the opinion of my mother, who says you will have a right to curse my memory if I don't leave you every acre of which I am possessed. My mother is more convinced than convincing in her views. For years she never lost an opportunity of impressing upon me that it was my duty to 'let bygones be by-gones,' as she called it, and to re-instate Harry in the position which he had forfeited; but now you have made a conquest of her heart, and she is in a terrible fright lest I should die intestate, and the question of succession be settled by the law of the land. The Rector holds a brief for the other side. He has a great deal to say, and says it very well, about abstract justice and parental responsibility; and I am sure it has never struck him that I must know every word of it by heart from having said it all to myself in years gone by. Where he and my mother agree is in deprecating suspense. 'Let the thing be decided once for all, in this way or in that,' they say; and then, as I only hold my tongue, they get angry and call me names."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.

III.

Neither sugar nor any other necessary staple can be cheaply obtained except through domestic production. Domestic production alone can serve as a check to the rapacity of speculators and the greed of foreign producers. The proof of this remarkable truth is each year given by the fact that the only time at which sugar is cheap in the United States is coincident with the production of the sugar crop of Louisiana.

The sugar planter would hardly complain, notwithstanding the lack of aid from the general government, if he had only capital to rely upon, and could obtain money at easy rates. But he has no such advantages. The war of secession swept away mills, machines, capital, and credit—even the very seed necessary to produce a crop. Sugar-cane is grown from slips or cuttings buried in the soil. Wheat or corn is produced from seed easily purchased at any market. But sugar-cane, reproduced from its own stalk, can not be thus readily transported from a great distance. The cane must have been grown in the very spot where the cuttings are to be covered up, else planting is out of the question. After the war, which left Louisiana waste, the first care of the sugar planter was of course to obtain slips for a crop, and some few canes which had escaped from the general devastation served to accomplish the purpose. How much time, money, and patience were required to make this region again productive will be readily understood from the fact that a whole acre of cane stalks is required for the planting of three or four acres. Is not this a labor of Hercules, and does it not offer a strange contrast to the idea usually entertained that planters are men without energy?

When one obtains a full understanding of the situation in which the results of the war left our sugar planters, one can not help being surprised that there should be any planting of sugar-cane in the country. First of all, there were no laborers. The negroes were demoralized by the sudden change from slavery to freedom, and deluded by the discourses of adventurers; they would not work. All the live stock had been carried away by the Federal army; the mills had been burned or rendered useless; there was no capital, and there was no credit. Most industries would have succumbed under such circumstances, but the sugar industry did not. It has since then not only revived, but enlarged. This shows the vitality of the sugar industry, its adaptability to this soil and climate, and the energy of those who have developed it.

The lack of capital, together with the dangers of overflow, still forms the chief drawback to the extension of the sugar industry in Louisiana. The industry is so remunerative in itself that it has been able to bear—and does still bear—very heavy burdens. The rate of interest upon money in Louisiana is eight per cent. per annum. The broker forces the planter to pay, in addition to the legal rate of interest, two and a half per cent. commission upon capital advanced, often a brokerage of two and a half per cent., and always two and a half per cent. commission upon the crop sales, and upon the purchase of goods and provisions, which must be made through him. An agent chosen by him—and allowed one-half per cent. in addition to the commissions paid to the factor—is charged with the sale of the products in the market.

Let it also be observed that the planter must sign a mortgage for the loan, which is discounted by the factor. The net amount, after the deduction of all commissions, is placed to his credit upon the books, to be drawn by him from month to month without any allowance of interest for the sums thus left in the lender's keeping.

These commissions, the expenses of mortgage papers, and the various terms to which the planter is bound to submit, certainly constitute a total deduction of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. from the capital advanced him. Well, the cultivation of sugar-cane offers so many advantages that the loan is accepted with gratitude, and that planters occasionally make fortunes in spite of these onerous terms. This is because the sugar industry, when undertaken by one who thoroughly understands it, is one of the most remunerative occupations in the world.

One of the conditions now requisite for its success in Louisiana is division of labor. This has become a necessary feature of the industry within a few years, and wherever properly adopted has given excellent results. It has become patent at last that the raising of sugar-cane must be left wholly to the cultivators, and the manufacture of sugar to the manufacturers proper: hence the idea of establishing central sugar-mills for the purpose of purchasing all cane grown within a certain radius, and converting the juice into sugar.

The success which has attended the establishment of these district mills is really surprising. Immense uncultivated tracts have been, within a very brief time, cleared and planted, lands have been parcelled out, and prosperity prevails where want and misery lingered so many years after the war.

In order to give some idea of what has been done, suffice to state that along the Teche—in that region where certain scenes in Longfellow's "Evangeline" are laid—no less than thirty-four mills have been erected within less than five years, and provided with the most improved machinery. If the planters of other parishes would follow this example, Louisiana might very soon be able to produce annually the four or five hundred thousand tons of sugar previously spoken of.

Unfortunately both capital and labor are wanting. Nevertheless the central mills buy the cane rapidly, thus assuring to the cultivator an ample remuneration for his labor. Cane now sells at from four to five dollars per ton; and as from twenty to twenty-five tons are usually obtained from the acre, it will be readily understood how remunerative sugar-planting is.

The climate is one to which white persons may very easily become accustomed, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. Many white farmers from other States have settled in Louisiana parishes, and their fields bear ample witness to the success of white labor in Louisiana.

Furthermore, sugar-cane is raised without difficulty, and demands little hard labor. The ground is prepared in winter, two or four mules being used to plough, according to the character of the soil. A certain quantity of canes selected from the previous crop are laid in the furrows and ploughed over. The subsequent operations are mostly confined to keeping plenty of earth about the bottom of the cane, the plough being always used. About the end of May or beginning of June an opening is made through the middle of the rows, in order to facilitate drainage, and the cane is left alone until crop-time—ranging from October to January. Then the stems are stripped and cut, piled upon wagons, and taken to the mill. The mill has three heavy rollers, through which the cane is passed. The juice of the crushed stems is first treated with sulphuric acid, which whitens it and prevents fermentation. It is then treated with lime, and the limed juice is subjected to a temperature ranging from 180° to 212° F. to condense its impurities, and render their removal by skimming more facile. Next the juice is evaporated in "steam-trains" or "double-effect" vessels, after which it is granulated in the vacuum pans, and is dried in the centrifugal machines. It is then placed in hogsheads and sent to market, where it fetches from five to ten cents per pound, according to grade. Louisiana cane contains from fourteen to eighteen per cent. of saccharine matter, and with proper machinery, readily obtainable by capitalists, one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds of sugar can be extracted from every ton of cane, exclusive of molasses. Germans have done as much with beet-root, certainly far less rich than sugar-cane.

Let capitalists and good farmers settle in Louisiana. There are rich certainties of remuneration for labor and profit for capital in Louisiana, which must at no distant day become one of the richest States in the Union.

Edward Sillan.

"DISARMED!"*

By Miss Betham-Edwards,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Will not Mr. Hermitage have some tea? It is quite ready."

For it was Steppie who had entered, followed by the children, all beautifully dressed in honor of their guest, Steppie herself looking too youthful to be the mother of the tall girl clinging to her skirts.

"Come, children, you remember Mr. Hermitage, who pulled Benjamine out of the water at Margate? Say how d'ye do?" she said.

Then the little party went into the next room, Steppie presiding over the tea-pot, Valerian cutting bread and butter for the children with charming urbanity, Arthura growing genial by Walter's side.

"I must congratulate you on your improved appearance," Valerian said, addressing himself to Steppie. "You were so ailing at Margate. It does credit to the London climate."

Steppie's complexion, fairest of the fair, showed to-day a tinge of rose; she looked, as she was, indeed, in blooming health.

"Ah!" she replied, sighing, "it is my misfortune to look well. No one pities me for my poor health and low spirits."

"My dear madam," said Valerian, "you are really deceiving yourself. There is no such thing as low spirits."

"I wish I could think so," was Steppie's desponding answer. "Were it not for low spirits I could be the happiest creature in the world. I was born with a melancholy name—Sadgrove. But when I changed it matters did not mend at all."

"The fact is," Valerian went on, "you but mistake the effect for the cause—low spirits for the misfortune that produced them. Now I will tell you, with your permission, how you may get rid of this incubus."

"Do! do!" cried Walter, clapping his hands. "Oh, Mr. Hermitage, if you cured mamma of her low spirits we should all jump for joy."

"My pathology is of the simplest," went on Valerian. "Of course we all know that nothing goes wrong without a cause. When a wheel creaks we oil the spring; when we break a leg we get a surgeon to set it. And so it is with what we call low spirits. We either want a doctor to physic us, or we drink a kind of water that disagrees with us, or we sit in a room that does not get sun enough. The consequence is some bodily disorder, which straightway, because we don't know its name, we call low spirits."

"Let us get mamma a different kind of water to drink," shouted Walter.

"You must try, not one remedy, but all," Valerian went on, speaking with perfect gravity. "Some people cure themselves of low spirits by chopping wood; their muscles are called into play, and the exhilaration extends to the mind. I knew one lady who was restored by going every day for a month to a children's hospital, and amusing the little patients by making grimaces. She quite lost the habit of looking woe-begone, and found that it had been nothing but a habit."

"But to rise every morning with the feeling that life is a burden?" asked poor Steppie. "I should like to get up as gay as a lark."

"Will you let me advise you?" asked Valerian. "Then lose not a moment, join an amateur dramatic society. You would be obliged to play a variety of parts, and would soon begin to regard them as real. So, if you were melancholy one day, at least you would be gay the next."

"That's a good idea," Arthura said. "Yes, little mamma, we will do it. It will amuse us all."

"I am sure I hope so," Steppie made pensive reply.

Nevertheless, she brightened up whilst the subject was being discussed, and promised to learn a part, if Arthura would arrange everything. Valerian had given a happy turn to the conversation. And when he rose to go, after the friendliest meal, with such kindly admonitions to Steppie on the care of her health, such genial interest in the children, such affectionate appeal to Arthura—they had one moment on the threshold to themselves—how could she choose but believe him? He loved her. He would be true to her. Absence would draw them nearer to each other.

That night before Arthura returned to her post Steppie caught her hands, and whispered, reproachfully: "Oh, Arthura, why did you never tell me? Mr. Valerian is in love with you. You two will surely be married some day."

Arthura flung her arms round her step-mother's neck with tears and blushes. "Dear little mamma, he made me promise never to tell. That is why. It made me very unhappy to deceive you, but I could not help it."

"I like Mr. Valerian; I am very glad," was all Steppie could say, as she fondly caressed the clinging girl.

"You like him, yes, but will he be good to me?" Arthura asked. "You are more experienced than I. Tell me, Steppie, may a woman trust a man? Are his words to be relied on like Scripture?—the words he says when he is in love, I mean."

"Your papa was true and tender as a woman," answered Steppie. "But for the rest I can not answer. I have all my life long been terribly afraid of men. I should never have married at all but for your poor papa's persuasions."

"You were happy?" asked Arthura.

"No, I was never what is called happy in my life; but that was not your poor papa's fault. Had I cried for the moon he would have fetched it down for me—"

"Or tried to do so," put in Arthura.

"Yes, that is what I mean. There are husbands who will do that, you know, and others who will not."

"And do you think Valerian belongs to the former category, little mamma?"

"Ah! you put me a hard question. But you would never cry for the moon, I am sure."

"Would Valerian be kind?"

"What matter so long as you are not foolish?" was Steppie's reply; and so they parted.

"Hoity, toity, turn!" was Mr. Constantine's exclamation as Arthura entered his room precisely at twelve of the clock. "Well, my Prospera, there is one who wields a mightier wand than any of us. Stephana has got five thousand pounds out of Christina, as I live! 'Tis past belief! 'Tis miraculous! 'Tis witchcraft! But 'tis true. I have myself seen the check."

And tidings heaped upon tidings.

"Valerian lunched with me to-day, and is off to-night to Liverpool, there to set sail for America."

Arthura waited expectantly. Doubtless she was to hear that part of Valerian's story he lacked time to tell.

"If it were not for my fourscore and odd years, I would willingly go too. For," added the

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

old man, leaning forward, and speaking with unusual fire and animation, "the world may call Stephana mad, and her schemes froth and emptiness; but mark me, my Prospera, 'tis she who alone is sane, and the rest of us brainless idiots. Let their detractors rave as they will at her Utopias beyond seas, I, for one, as I sink into the grave, will raise my voice on her behalf. Have you heard nothing?"

"Nothing of Stephana's schemes, sir."

"Five thousand pounds! Hum! I wonder how the little woman felt when the tooth was drawn out! Matchless, incomparable Stephana! Five thousand pounds from Christina, as I live! Well, my dear, they'll call Stephana mad, but never mind—we will drink to the health of her earthly paradise. Valerian's errand, then, is to choose some fair tract in America which Stephana means to colonize (she gives ten thousand pounds herself, but that is a drop in the ocean to Christina's five), and the colonists she sends thither will find themselves in a strange world, as the gay Greek and his companions who were whisked up to the moon. Poor little London children!—to call a garden their own, to find apples ripening in the sun for them! Seven Dials, then, or at least a section of it, is to be transported beyond sea; houses and lands—we may indeed say souls and bodies—given to those who have hitherto been but misery incarnate. But more to-morrow. It wearies me to talk."

Arthura read a page or two, but Mr. Constantine was too full of Stephana and her schemes to listen just yet.

"Remember my words when I am out of your sight, as I must soon be. Stephana may fail, may do foolish things with wisest intent; but she has caught the spirit of the age to come. She realizes the moral standard of the future. For first have we seen Force putting the chaos of human society into order; next, Charity working blindly enough, yet alleviating the sum total of misery. Now has come the turn of sovereign Justice, of Conscience instead of Self, to speak to each man's soul, and make him feel the full measure of his own responsibility as an inheritor of the past, an enricher or despoiler of the future. Ah me! Would I were younger! Yes, this is the real sadness of dying, the bitterness of the grave. Just as the world is slipping from under our feet we see the dawn of the better day we have struggled for and believed in. But your wand, my good Prospera; waft me far from realities into shadowland. Away! away!"

Soon he was drowsing indeed, and Arthura stole away, not herself to sleep till the cold wintry morning dawned grayly and the foggy streets were astir. What is outward gloom to a young hopeful heart?

The first sight that caught her eyes was a letter lying on the table, a last farewell from Valerian, pencilled as he drove to the railway station. "Yes," the girl said to herself, "I must, I will forgive him, since he loves me still." She sat down and wrote a note, to await him on his arrival, that should at least atone for the coldness and unbendingness of yesterday. "What am I," she thought, "that I should set myself against forgiveness?"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Summer had come, and of the four million hearts beating in London none exulted like Stephana's. Her fondest wishes were about to be realized. Valerian, having successfully accomplished his mission, was on his way home. Christina would also reach England in a day or two, and was willing to be reconciled to her son. Her blind friend Markham had fulfilled the behest laid upon him, and found a thousand families willing to go unto

> "an isle as yet unknown,
> And yet far kinder than their own."

A week more, and the ship chartered to transport her colonists to the New World would set sail.

Such a departure was not to be passed over as an event without a meaning, and that sombre old Kensington mansion, with its lawns and shrubberies, before dedicated by Stephana to more solemn uses, was now to be given up to an exuberance of felicity. A place of reconciliations, a place of benison, consecrated to hope, trust, and thanksgiving; surely here, if anywhere, should joy bells peal on the summer air, banners wave in the blue sky, garlands within vie with the bowers without, and loud triumphant music dwindle the noises of every day.

Stephana loved the display that symbolizes a generous truth, and she was now spending upon a single entertainment as much money as Christina in her palmy days had spent upon a season. What indeed with the guests about to take up their abode in the house and those invited for the festival, the sumptuary business alone was onerous, but a bagatelle compared to the less substantial part of the celebration. It must be brilliant, it must be emblematic, it must be picturesque, and as no Valerian was by to anticipate her wishes, she had to do the imaginative part herself, and finding such subordinates as she could. Song, dance, a fairy masque or allegory, these formed but a part of the programme which was to be carried out on really a splendid scale, and the whole ending with a banquet under tents.

Busiest of the busy, Stephana yet found time for audiences, one visitor after another being admitted to the presence-chamber. The first to come was Markham. Alas for the eyes that could not behold his sovereign lady then! The mistress of the house, unable to lose a moment of the too precious time slipping away before the eventful day, was occupied in making angels' wings—emblematic employment for one who only wanted wings herself to be mistaken for a seraphic being. The whole picture was lost to her blind adorer, but let us console ourselves with the thought that maybe he conjured up a vision even lovelier. Stephana no longer wore white for mourning, but over her morning dress, pure as snow, had thrown a shawl of the warm red color worn by blissful angels in old pictures. The richness of this glowing scarf, contrasting as it did so strongly with the clear paleness of her complexion, lent almost an unearthliness to the calm pure features and the dark eyes now full of repose. She had carelessly placed on the back of her chair the last piece of handiwork, veritable wings, pearly, iridescent, ethereal, although fashioned by human hands, and of celestial down. Winged then she was indeed, a fair apparition alighted, as it seemed, for a moment only, ready the next to wing upward flight.

But Markham, whatever pictures he may have had before his inner eye, saw not this one. Only the sweetness of Stephana's voice reached him where he sat.

"What ought not I to do for you?" she began, gayly, "you who have moved mountains for me. But I am ungrateful of the ungrateful. Expect scant thanks."

He sighed. "Thank me as little as you please, only do not banish me from your presence."

"What can you do for me?" asked Stephana, in the same bright manner. Then recalled to the painful thought the speech might call up in her listener's mind, she added: "One thing already occurs to me out of a thousand. You can hear my maskers repeat their parts. A rehearsal is to take place this very afternoon, and no one is here to give judgment on it. And then—and then— But let us talk for a little first. Report on your mission."

"Do not hurry me, dearest lady," he said, with a little sigh of satisfaction. "The work of months can not be told in as many minutes."

"Hold this ribbon for me, then," laughingly, interposed Stephana. "Let it slip gently from your fingers as I draw it. That is right. Now begin."

Well pleased, he began:

"You will not be surprised to learn that I found some difficulty in convincing these good people of your favorite dictum—the Golden Age lies before us, and not behind. Indeed, they would have nothing to say to a Golden Age at all. Some thought me mad. Others a charlatan or a knave. None at first regarded me as their well-wisher. I had been their friend once, when I sat down in courts and alleys and told stories. But now that I wanted something of them 'twas a wholly different matter—so hard is it for any ill-used human being to credit another with a perfectly disinterested motive."

"My poor friend!" ejaculated Stephana. "You were not reviled, hooted, pelted with mud?"

The blind man smiled pathetically. "My misfortune protected me. Had I been as others are I might not now live to tell the tale. At first, then, the apostle of your Golden Age was only scoffed at for his pains. My best friends of the crowded London courts listened in contemptuous silence. The wags made fun of me. The cynical jeered. All rebelled against the good fortune you would fain force upon them. But as soon as one fact became clear, and the guiding principle of your scheme was made plain as day, then the tide turned."

He touched with one hand a roll of parchment that he had deposited by his side on entering.

"It was a happy thought of yours to exact some title of honor, some proof, if not of gentle birth, at least of nature's nobility, from these poor folks. To be sent into a new country and made a man of because you have only one shirt to your back is a kindness that humiliates. To be promised food and shelter for your children because you have not been able to provide them yourself galls even whilst it brings a sense of relief. But to be made to feel that, naked as you are and starving and desolate, you have yet earned these things! Ah, the blood tingles proudly then! The eyes no longer seek the ground; the man feels himself a man indeed."

He unrolled the parchment on his knee, and, as if he knew its contents by heart, with one hand holding Stephana's ribbon, the other fingering the scroll, went on:

"I have had the list made out alphabetically for the sake of convenience, but let your eyes light where they will you are sure to find a bit of writing emblazoned in colors and gold. This is one. I know it comes almost first in the list: 'John Ames, waterman, married, nine children, jumped into the river on the occasion of a collision, at imminent peril of life and limb, and rescued a fellow-waterman from destruction.' Another should be here: 'Alice Ashe, seamstress, unmarried, unfortunate, supported by her toil a paralyzed child, not kith and kin, a neighbor's dying bequest, for eight years.' A third is not far off: 'Thomas Beamish, no occupation in particular, but brought up a porter, married, seven children, nursed one neighbor after another when an epidemic raged in the court, and although up night after night, refused a halfpenny.' Yet one more: 'Ralph Calderund, tailor, fathered the starved, ill-used child of bad neighbors, although he had four of his own.' And yet a last: 'Peter Clarke, a shoe-black, fought another lad for ill-using a stray dog, and took charge of it, although half starving himself.'"

Stephana smiled, although tears were in her eyes.

"You have got together a band of heroes," she said.

"Alas! no. But what other heroism can one expect? These poor people, then, when they discovered that none would be sent to the New World at your expense, there to found a family, without some kind of claim to such exceptional good fortune, became converts to the notion at once. It was no longer an affair of government emigration and pauperism. The good deed, the chivalrous act, the sober career, and the—note well!—the intellectual supremacy were to be rewarded. A certain Job Fearon you will find somewhere chosen for having invented a new button—a button to be the savior of human temper henceforth and forever; once on, this immortal button can never come off, be it from shirt, sark, or simarre. Well, the chosen were now envied, the rest moved to emulation. I could have found you twenty thousand candidates instead of one."

"Has every name its blazonry?" asked Stephana; "each man, woman, and child such title of honor?"

"Yes; there must be prizes for every one in our school. To create no jealousies, I have had the qualifications of every head of a family printed in gold and colors, although I was obliged to make certain negations stand for virtues; for instance, the fact of never having been in prison, never having begged in the public streets, and many others. But some day you must go over the list."

"And are they happy?" asked Stephana. "Does the prospect of well-being warm their hearts?"

"Ah! easier is it to make the wilderness to blossom as the rose than to make hope grow suddenly in the place of despair! But have no fear. All will go well if we do not run into extremes, and materialize instead of elevate."

Stephana was silent for a minute or two. Then she asked, still speaking in the same elate tone—her voice seemed almost strange to him in its joyousness: "Your heart is in this work, is it not? You will soon visit your little colony?"

He grew on a sudden gloomy almost to moroseness. "After so many months' absence, may I not at least enjoy your company for a little while? Have others so absorbed you that you have no room in your heart even for a faithful friend?"

The implied reference to Valerian was not to be misunderstood, but Stephana felt just now too happy to be even so disturbed.

"Let us think of nothing, talk of nothing, but this most joyful event," she said, in her sweetest manner. "You will come every day till it is over. You will help me as you are doing now."

"I own the unwinding of ribbon is an occupation I delight in," answered Markham, not without a touch of good-natured irony. "But there are other things I have learned without eyes."

"Your accomplishments shall all be called into requisition by turns. But there is the luncheon bell. We will lunch without loss of time, and then, if you will preside in my place at the rehearsal, you will render a service indeed."

She freed herself from her silver and rainbow-colored wings, and taking his hand, led him into the dining-room, fragrant with freshly cut roses.

The repast was gay and charming. Markham's composure was fortunately not disturbed by the sight of a third cover. It had been laid for Valerian, whose arrival might now be momentarily expected.

Like Markham, he had accomplished his mission, but, unlike Markham, he was looking for reward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL CROOK'S INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

The terrible nature of the country traversed by General Crook's recent expedition into Northern Mexico against the hostile Chiricahua Indians is indicated by one of the illustrations on page 484. This, together with those of the ancient ruins on the Bavispé, and various incidents of the campaign, are made from sketches furnished by the only artist who accompanied the troops, and are faithful portrayals of those wild scenes. The roughness of the mountain trails was such that in several instances even the experienced pack-mules failed to retain their footing, and eight of these animals were lost to the command by falling over the tremendous precipices, and being dashed to pieces in the abysses hundreds of feet below.

When, after its two months' raid into the heart of the Sierra Madre range, the expedition returned to San Carlos, victorious and without having lost a man, it was nearly barefooted, and as ragged as Falstaff's tatterdemalions; but its object was accomplished, for it escorted as captives the fierce band of marauders who, almost unchecked, had for years been the terror of the border in Arizona and Mexico.

By his success in this undertaking General Crook has demonstrated the truth of two propositions that he has always maintained. One is that in savage warfare savage tactics must be employed; and the other that an adherence to absolute integrity in treating with Indians will be rewarded by the faithful observance of all promises made by them. In pursuance of this policy he so organized the expedition with which he penetrated the Chiricahua stronghold that it was composed of but one company of troops and an Indian contingent of some two hundred Apache scouts, and it was guided by a deserter from the very band of which he was in pursuit. The whites, thus placed completely within the power of their Indian allies, found no reason to regret their position; for they were guided with unerring certainty through and over a trackless mountain wilderness, by ways which they would never have discovered by themselves, into the very heart of the enemy's country, and they found the Indians always ready to assume the posts of danger, and eager to be led to battle.

Before striking into the mountains the expedition passed through a number of small Mexican towns, the inhabitants of which thronged the streets to gaze upon the Americans. They were amazed at the appearance of the Indian scouts, and could not understand how the whites dared to trust these terrible Apaches with guns and ammunition. They expressed a general desire to see General Crook; and when he was pointed out to them, mounted on a little sorrel mule, and wearing a plain cork helmet and white duck suit, instead of the glittering uniform they were accustomed to associate with his rank, they could hardly be persuaded that he was indeed the famous Indian fighter of whom they had heard such wonderful stories, and of whose wisdom the Indians had shown their appreciation by naming him the "Gray Fox."

When at last, after incredible toil, the mountain fastness in which the Chiricahua camp was located was reached, it was found to contain only women and children. The Indians had deemed it so inaccessible and impregnable that they had gone off on a marauding expedition against the Mexicans of Chihuahua, leaving but five men in the camp. A body of the Indian scouts, who were in advance, surrounded and fired into this camp, killing nine of its occupants and dispersing the rest. Five prisoners were taken, of whom the eldest was a squaw eighteen years old, and the youngest a girl baby less than a year of age, who was immediately adopted by the troops as a camp pet. An immense amount of plunder, amongst which were eight thousand dollars in American and Mexican money, many gold and silver watches, guns of all descriptions, saddles, wearing apparel, and household utensils, was recaptured, and that night the camp of the victors presented a wild scene of savage rejoicing.

On the following day the eldest of the captives was sent out to find those who had escaped from the camp, and convey to them General Crook's assurance that if they would come in and surrender, their lives should be spared, and they should be conveyed in safety across the Arizona line to the Apache reservation. In this mission the Indian girl was easily successful, because her people knew that the promise of the "Gray Fox" was never broken, and upon her return she brought many of them, including the sub-chief Chihuahua, with her. Within three days a hundred men, women, and children had surrendered, and soon afterward the warriors who had been off on a raid returned, and also surrendered upon receiving General Crook's promise that their lives should be spared. Then the expedition, having accomplished its mission, and accompanied by three hundred and seventy-five captives, retraced its steps toward the Arizona line.

It was certainly a signal triumph of moral over brute force, and the sight of the little band of white men marching in perfect safety amid nearly six hundred Indians, many of whom were, but a short time before, their fiercest foes, so impressed the inhabitants of the Mexican towns along the route that they were unbounded in their praise of General Crook, whom they greeted with most enthusiastic cheers wherever he appeared.

With the Indians were found five Mexican women and a little girl, who had been captured by the Indians on their recent raid. They were at first stupefied with joy at their unexpected rescue, which they regarded as a miracle, and for which they will never cease to return thanks.

General Crook was obliged to exercise the utmost caution on his return trip to avoid a meeting with Mexican troops, who would have certainly demanded the prisoners captured on Mexican soil, and who would have as certainly killed them all without mercy.

Viewed from any stand-point, this latest expedition must rank among the most notable and successful ever undertaken against the Indians, and by his manly, straightforward, and honest dealings with them General Crook has not only won their confidence and respect, but has done much toward removing the foul stains with which our Indian policy has dyed American honor.

GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.

General Edward O. C. Ord died of yellow fever at Havana on the 22d of July, in his sixty-sixth year. He had taken passage from Vera Cruz for New York on board the steamer *City of Washington*, but when the vessel arrived at Havana was removed to a private hospital in company with ten other passengers, all suffering from the same disease. He served his country with distinction in the Seminole war in Florida, and during the war for the Union. The battle of Dranesville in 1861 was won under his leadership, and he was severely wounded at the battle of Hatchie, and at the assault on Fort Harrison. Having been several times promoted for gallant and meritorious service, he became commander of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina in 1865, and led the Army of the James in the victorious engagements that ended with the overthrow of the rebellion. For several years his name has been on the retired list.

"I had the honor to serve with him," writes his former aide-de-camp, the Rev. S. S. Seward, "nearly four years, and I can truly say that I never saw him under any circumstances lose his self-control or forfeit for an instant his character as a courteous gentleman. Even his rebukes never gave offense, while his consideration for others never failed him even in the face of the enemy. He was as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman. In the camp and on the march he was exceedingly careful of his soldiers, providing for their comfort, their clothing, their rations, their medical attendance, with almost paternal care, and he showed equal solicitude for the sick and wounded. My respect and affection for him have grown as my appreciation of genuine manly worth has increased with years and experience, and I desire to testify to it as fully and publicly as possible. But I would not take upon myself to do even this if I did not believe that it would find a warm response in the mind and heart of every officer and soldier who served under him, and enjoyed a reasonable opportunity of knowing and understanding his character."

General Ord was a native of Maryland, and a graduate of West Point.

THE PIER—LONG BRANCH.

FISHERY AT SEABRIGHT.

A BREAK IN THE RAILROAD.

SEABRIGHT AND LONG BRANCH.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 491.]

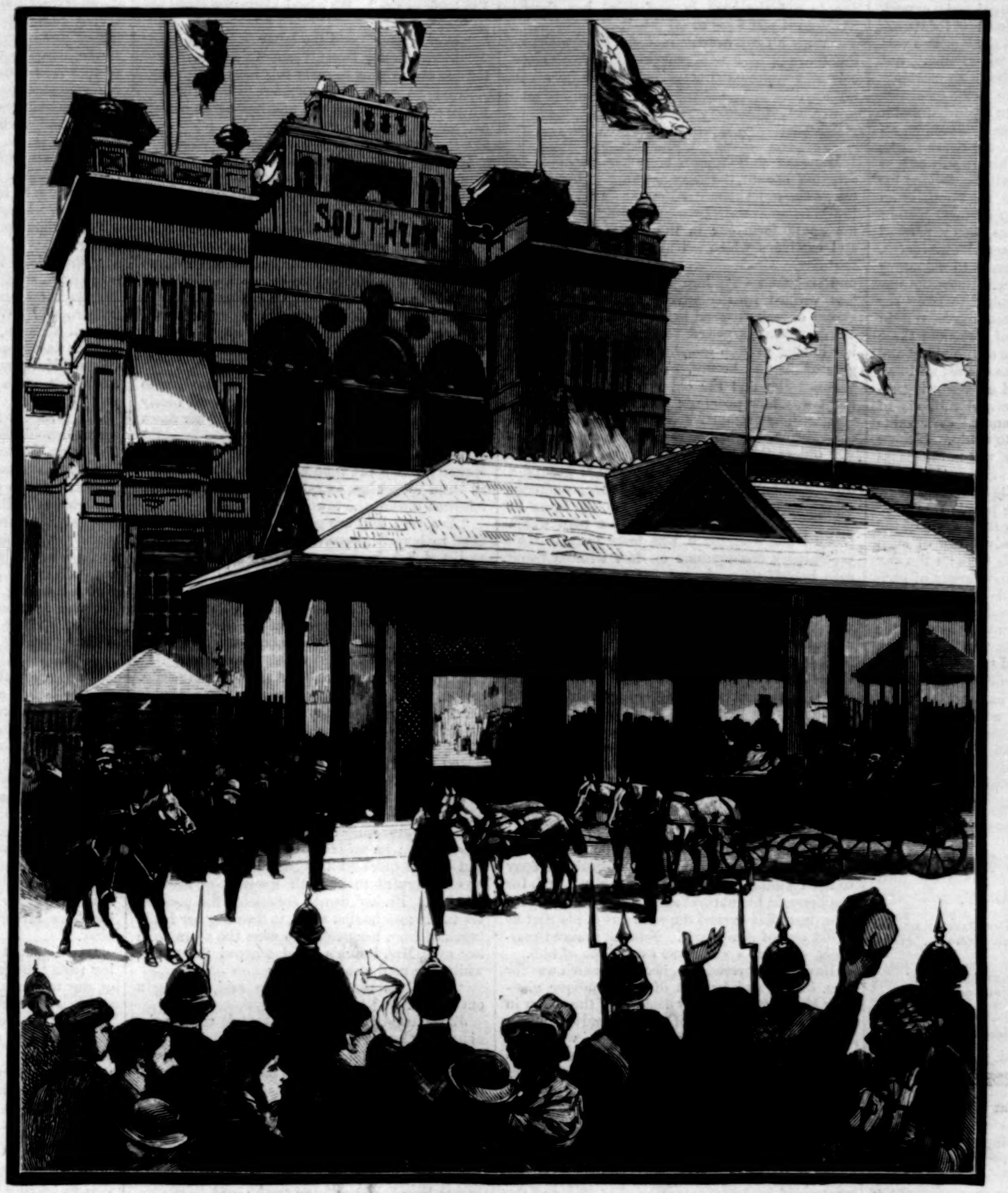
THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

The great Southern Exposition, which was formally opened with appropriate ceremonies on the 1st of August, at Louisville, Kentucky, is an undertaking of the utmost importance, not only to the South, but to the entire Union, and the promoters of it are entitled to the highest credit. It is one of the most significant and most hopeful of all enterprises that have been undertaken in the new South. Unlike the Atlanta Cotton Exposition, which was in some degree the parent of this, and which was one of singular boldness and originality, the Louisville Exposition will not be confined to a single industry, or, indeed, to the industries of one section only. But while it will be general in its scope, it will nevertheless be a peculiarly valuable demonstration of the progress which the South has made and is making in all the activities of a free, prosperous community. The Exposition is essentially Southern in origin and purpose. As Senator Beck—himself one of the most substantial gifts the South has presented to the nation—said in substance at the June banquet in this city, "We want your co-operation; we want your sympathy and respect; but we are not begging for your money." The arrangements for the Exposition, which are on a liberal and even splendid scale, have been perfected in Louisville, and all the money required has been obtained from those immediately interested. This fact, of itself, speaks volumes for the energy and self-respect of the community, for the Exposition is the most ambitious that has been undertaken in this country, with the exception of the Centennial. The main hall is to be of like size and similar plan with that of the Centennial. The giant engine, a Reynolds-Corliss, which is to furnish the motive power for the machinery exhibits, rivals the great engine at Philadelphia. The art exhibition is to be shown in a handsome building in the form of a Maltese cross, the centre surmounted by a dome, beneath which, in a grove of palms and ferns, will be placed many fine statues. The collections of lovers of art in every part of the Union have been freely opened to the committee of the Exposition, and probably no such array of works of real excellence owned in this country has been seen since 1876.

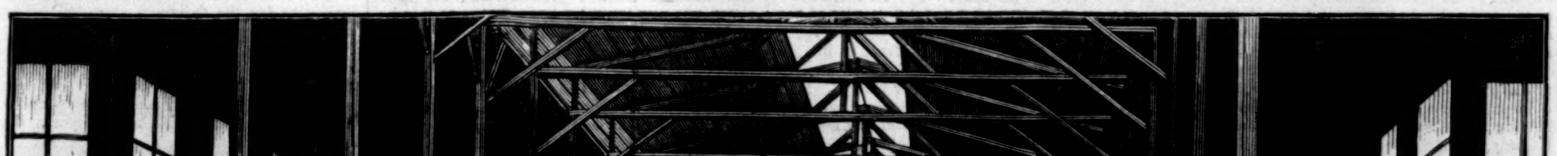
In some respects the later exhibition will surpass its older brother, for the Centennial gave to the love of art and to its intelligent patronage in the United States a strong impulse, of which the Louisville Exposition will have the benefit. Some idea of the extent of the buildings may be formed from the fact that 4600 electric lights will be used. There will also be an electric railway, which will connect the various points of interest in the grounds.

The Louisville Exposition will be, in a striking sense, an event of national importance. General Grant tells a story of meeting a New Orleans editor at Saratoga, who visited the North for the first time, and was so amazed by what he saw that he declared that it was the duty of Congress to appropriate money every year to take visitors from one section to the other. This is what the Exposition will do, and in a way which the power of Congress could scarcely emulate with the national revenue at its disposal. The men of the South and the North will meet with the eager desire on both sides to make the most of the intercourse; and it is the "pocket nerve," after all, in great commercial nations, which thrills to the most effect. Men do not easily quarrel who are engaged in prosperous business one with another, and for the establishment of these relations there will be ample opportunity.

Of course it is easy to be sentimental over such an affair; but the basis of senti



THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION—RECEPTION OF OFFICIAL VISITORS.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.



THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION—THE OPENING CEREMONIES.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.

ment in this case is very substantial. An exposition, though it draw on the whole world for its exhibits, is necessarily at bottom a more or less vast and ingenious arrangement for advertising. But advertising in this way, where thorough examination and comparison are possible, is the most satisfactory mode known to modern business; and it is advertising of its resources, its products, its attainments and possibilities, that the South needs, and knows that it needs. This it will get at Louisville, and the advantage will be decided for all sections. In some regards the South is an unknown region to the ordinary business men of the rest of the country. It has been separated by unfortunate political and social differences. It has been condemned by slavery to monotony in its industry and its commerce. Since the war it is beginning, but only beginning, to know the variety and value of its own resources. Within the past year the completion of less than three hundred miles of railway in one of the oldest and most prosperous Southern States opened up to an accessible market a wheat and corn-growing region capable of supplying several millions of bushels of grain, of greater annual cash value than the conquests of Cortez to Spain. If there can be such a discovery—for it was nothing less—in the heart of a long-settled State, what must await the restless enterprise, the untiring energy, the searching ingenuity, of the people that have made the United States already the marvel of the world? It is the priceless advantage of such expositions as that of Louisville to point the way to an almost infinite number and variety of such enterprises. The South is in sober truth to-day what the great West was a half-century since, with these important differences, that in the South the most difficult pioneer work has been done; distances are conquered by steam; social organization, constantly improving in its efficiency, exists; commerce and industry are deeply rooted, and only await the advent of capital and labor to spread wide their branches and present the golden fruit. And with the development of commerce and industry the blessings of union and freedom are rendered constantly more secure.

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

In the mean time Jim and Mrs. Peach had walked slowly along the road together, Jim leading the horse, and Mrs. Peach informing him that her father, the gardener, was at Stickleford, and that she had come this way to meet him. Jim, for reasons of his own, was going to sleep at his partner's that night, and thus their route was the same. The shades of eve closed in upon them as they walked, and by the time they reached the lime-kiln, which it was necessary to pass to get to the village, it was quite dark. Jim stopped at the kiln, to see if matters had progressed rightly in his seven days' absence, and Mrs. Peach, who stuck to him like a teasle, stopped also, saying she would wait for her father there.

She held the horse, while he ascended to the top of the kiln. Then rejoining her, and not quite knowing what to do, he stood beside her looking at the flames, which to-night burned up brightly, shining a long way into the dark air, even up to the ramparts of the earth-work above them, and overhead into the bosoms of the clouds.

It was during this proceeding that a carriage, drawn by a pair of coal-black horses, came along the turnpike-road. The light of the kiln caused the horses to swerve a little, and the occupant of the carriage looked out. He saw the bluish lightning-like flames from the limestone rising from the top of the furnace, and hard by the figures of Jim Hayward, the widow, and the horse, standing out with spectral distinctness against the mass of night behind. The scene wore the aspect of some unholy assignation in Pandemonium, and it was all the more impressive from the fact that both Jim and the woman were quite unconscious of the striking spectacle they presented. The gentleman in the carriage watched them till he was borne out of sight.

Having seen to the kiln, Jim and the widow walked on again, and soon Mrs. Peach's father met them, and relieved Jim of the lady. When they had parted, Jim, with an expiration not unlike a breath of relief, went on to Mr. Vine's, and having put the horse into the stable, entered the house. His partner was seated at the table, solacing himself after the labors of the day by luxurious alternations between a long clay pipe and a mug of ale.

"Well," said Jim, eagerly, "what's the news? How do she take it?"

"Sit down, sit down," said Vine. "'Tis working well; not but that I deserve something o' thee for the trouble I've had in watching her. The soldiering was a fine move; but the woman is a better. Who invented it?"

"I myself," said Jim, modestly.

"Well, jealousy is making her rise like a thunder-storm, and in a day or two you'll have her for the asking, my sonny. What's the next step?"

"The widow is getting rather a weight upon a feller, worse luck," said Jim. "But I must keep it up until to-morrow, at any rate. I have promised to see her at the review, and now the great thing is that Margery should see we a-smiling together—I in my full-dress uniform and clinking arms o' war. 'Twill be a good strong sting, and will end the business, I hope. Couldn't you manage to put the hoss in and drive her there? She'd go if you were to ask her."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Vine, moistening the end of a new pipe in his ale. "I can call at her grammer's for her; 'twill be all in my way."

CHAPTER XVI.

Margery duly followed up her intention by arraying herself the next morning in her loveliest guise, and keeping watch for Mr. Vine's appearance upon the high-road, feeling certain that his would form one in the procession of carts and carriages which set in toward Casterbridge that day. Jim had gone by at a very early hour, and she did not see him pass. Her anticipation was verified by the advent of Mr. Vine about eleven o'clock, dressed to his highest effort; but Margery was surprised to find that, instead of her having to stop him, he pulled in toward the gate of his own accord. The invitation planned between Jim and the old man on the previous night was now promptly given, and, as may be supposed, as promptly accepted. Such a strange coincidence she had never before known. She was quite ready, and they drove onward at once.

The review was held on some high ground a little way out of the town, and her conductor suggested that they should put up the horse at the inn and walk to the field—a plan which pleased her well, for it was more easy to take preliminary observations on foot without being seen herself than when sitting elevated in a vehicle.

They were just in time to secure a good place near the front, and in a few minutes after their arrival the reviewing officer came on the ground. Margery's eye had rapidly run over the troop in which Jim was enrolled, and she discerned him in one of the ranks, looking remarkably new and bright, both as to uniform and countenance. Indeed, if she had not worked herself into such a desperate state of mind she would have felt proud of him then and there. His shapely upright figure was quite noteworthy in the rotund selection of farmers on his right and left, while his charger Tony expressed by his bearing, even more than Jim, that he knew nothing about lime carts whatever, and everything about trumpets and glory. How Jim could have scrubbed Tony to such shining blackness she could not tell, for the horse in his natural state was ingrained with lime dust, that burned the color out of his coat as it did out of Jim's hair. Now he pranced martially, and was a war-horse every inch of him.

Having discovered Jim, her next search was for Mrs. Peach, and by dint of some oblique glancing Margery indignantly discovered the widow in the most forward place of all, her head and bright face conspicuously advanced; and, what was more shocking, she had abandoned her mourning for a violet drawn-bonnet and a gay spencer, together with a parasol luxuriously fringed in a way Margery had never before seen. "Where did she get the money?" said Margery, under her breath. "And to forget that poor sailor so soon!"

These general reflections were precipitately postponed by her discovering that Jim and the widow were perfectly alive to each other's whereabouts, and in the active interchange of telegraphic signs of affection, which on the latter's part took the form of a playful fluttering of her handkerchief or waving of her parasol. Richard Vine had placed Margery in front of him, to protect her from the crowd, as he said, he himself surveying the scene over her bonnet. Margery would have been even more surprised than she was if she had known that Jim was not only aware of Mrs. Peach's presence, but also of her own, the treacherous Mr. Vine having drawn out his flame-colored handkerchief and waved it to Jim over the young woman's head as soon as they had taken up their position.

"My partner makes a tidy soldier, eh, Miss Tucker?" said the senior lime-burner. "It is my belief as a Christian that he's got a party here that he's making signs to—that handsome figure o' fun straight overright him."

"Perhaps so," she said, with the utmost indifference on the surface of her face.

"And it's growing warm between 'em, if I don't mistake," continued the merciless Vine.

Margery was silent, biting her lip; and the troops being now set in motion, all signaling ceased for the present between soldier Hayward and his pretended sweetheart.

"Have you a piece of paper that I could make a memorandum on, Mr. Vine?" asked Margery.

Vine took out his pocket-book and tore a leaf from it, which he handed her, with a pencil.

"Don't move from here—I'll return in a minute," she continued, with the innocence of a woman who means mischief. And, withdrawing herself to the back, where the grass was clear, she pencilled down the words

"Jim's Married."

Armed with this document she crept into the throng behind the unsuspecting Mrs. Peach, slipped the paper into her pocket on the top of her handkerchief, and withdrew unobserved, rejoining Mr. Vine with a bearing of *nonchalance*.

By-and-by the troops were in different order, Jim taking a left-hand position almost close to Mrs. Peach. He bent down and said a few words to her. From her manner of nodding assent it was surely some arrangement about a meeting by-and-by when Jim's drill was over, and Margery was the more certain of the fact when, the review having ended, and the people having strolled off to another part of the field where sports were to take place, Mrs. Peach tripped away in the direction of the town.

"I'll just say a word to my partner afore he goes off the ground, if you'll spare me a minute," said the old lime-burner. "Please stay here till I'm back again." He edged along the front till he reached Jim.

"How is she?" said the latter.

"In a trimming sweat," said Mr. Vine. "And my counsel to ye is to carry this larry no further. 'Twill do no good. She's as ready to make friends wi' ye as any wife can be; and more showing off can only do harm."

"But I must finish off with a spurt," said Jim. "And this is how I am going to do it. I have arranged with Mrs. Peach that as soon as we soldiers have entered the town and been dismissed, I'll meet her there. It is really to say good-by, but she don't know that; and I wanted it to look like a 'lopement to Margery's eyes. When I'm clear of Mrs. Peach, I'll come back here and make it up with Margery on the spot. But don't say I'm coming, or she may be inclined to throw off again. Just hint to her that I may be meaning to be off to London with the widow."

The old man still insisted that this was carrying the *ruse* too far.

"No, no, it isn't," said Jim. "I know how to manage her. 'Twill just mellow her heart nicely by the time I come back. I must bring her down real tender, or 'twill all fail."

His senior reluctantly gave in and returned to Margery. A short time afterward the Yeomanry band struck up, and Jim, with the regiment, followed toward the town.

"Yes, yes; they are going to meet," said Margery to herself, perceiving that Mrs. Peach had so timed her departure as to be in the town at Jim's dismounting.

"Now we will go and see the games," said Mr. Vine; "they be really worth seeing. There's greasy poles, and jumping in sacks, and other trials of the intellect, that nobody ought to miss who wants to be abreast of his generation."

Margery felt so miserable at the apparent assignation, which seemed about to take place despite her anonymous writing, that she helplessly assented to go anywhere, dropping behind Vine, that he might not see she was crying.

Jim followed out his programme with literal exactness. No sooner was the troop dismissed in the town than he sent Tony to stable and joined Mrs. Peach, who stood on the edge of the pavement expecting him. But this acquaintance was to end: he meant to part from her forever and in the quickest time, though civilly; for it was important to be with Margery as soon as possible. He had nearly completed the manœuvre to his satisfaction when, in drawing her handkerchief from her pocket to wipe the tears from her eyes, Mrs. Peach's hand grasped the paper, which she read at once.

"What! is that true?" she said, holding it out to Jim.

Jim started, and admitted that it was, beginning an elaborate explanation and apologies. But Mrs. Peach was thoroughly roused, and then overcome. "He's married, he's married!" she said, and swooned, or feigned to swoon, so that Jim was obliged to support her.

"He's married, he's married!" said a boy hard by, who watched the scene with interest.

"He's married, he's married!" said a hilarious group of other boys near, with smiles several inches broad, and shining teeth; and so the exclamation echoed down the street.

Jim cursed his ill luck; the loss of time that this dilemma entailed grew serious, for Mrs. Peach was now in such a hysterical state that he could not leave her with any good grace or feeling. It was necessary to take her to a refreshment-room, lavish restoratives upon her, and altogether to waste nearly half an hour. When she had kept him as long as she chose, she forgave him; and thus at last he got away, his heart swelling with tenderness toward Margery. He at once hurried up the street to effect the reconciliation with her.

"How shall I do it?" he said to himself. "Why, I'll step round to her side, fish for her hand, draw it through my arm as if I wasn't aware of it. Then she'll look in my face, I shall look in hers, and we shall march off the field triumphant, and the thing will be done without takings or tears."

He entered the field and went straight as an arrow to the place appointed for the meeting. It was at the back of a refreshment tent outside the mass of spectators, and divided from their view by the tent itself. He turned the corner of the canvas, and there beheld Vine at the indicated spot. But Margery was not with him.

Vine's hat was thrust back into his poll. His face was pale, and his manner bewildered. "Hullo! what's the matter?" said Jim. "Where's my Margery?"

"You've carried this game too far, my man!" exclaimed Vine, with the air of a friend who has "always told you so." "You ought to have dropped it several days ago, when she would have come to ye like a cooing dove. Now this is the end o't!"

"Hey! what, my Margery? Has anything happened, for God's sake?"

"She's gone."

"Where to?"

"That's more than earthly man can tell! I never see such a thing! 'Twas a stroke o' the black-art—as if she were sperrited away. When we got to the games I said—mind, you told me to—I said, 'Jim Hayward thinks o' going off to London with that widow woman'—mind, you told me to! She showed no wonderment, though a' seemed very low. Then she said to me, 'I don't like standing here in this mean crowd. I shall feel more at home among the gentle-people.' And then she went to where the carriages were drawn up, and near her there was a grand coach, a-blazing with lions and unicorns, and hauled by two coal-black horses. I hardly thought much of it then, and by degrees lost sight of her behind it. Presently the other carriages moved off, and I thought still to see her standing there. But, no, she had vanished; and then I saw the grand coach rolling away, and glimpsed Margery in it, beside a fine dark gentleman with black mustaches, and a very pale, prince-like face. As soon as the horses got into the hard road they rattled on like h—l-and-skimmer, and went out of sight in the dust, and—that's all. If you'd come back a little sooner you'd ha' caught her."

Jim had turned whiter than his pipe-clay. "Oh, this is too bad—too bad!" he cried in anguish, striking his brow. "That paper and that fainting woman kept me so long. Who could have done it? But 'tis my fault. I've stung her too much. I shouldn't have carried it so far."

"You shouldn't—just what I said," replied his senior.

"She thinks I've gone off with that cust widow; and to spite me she's gone off with the man! Do you know who that stranger wi' the lions and unicorns is? Why, 'tis that foreigner who calls himself a Baron, and took Mount Lodge for six months last year to make mischief—a villain! Oh, my Margery, that it should come to this! She's lost, she's ruined! Which way did they go?"

Jim turned to follow in the direction indicated, when, behold, there stood at his back her father, Dairyman Tucker.

"Now look here, young man," said Dairyman Tucker. "I've just heard all that wailing, and straightway will ask ye to stop it sharp. 'Tis like your brazen impudence to teave and wail when you be another woman's husband; yes, faith, I see'd her a-fainting in yer arms when you wanted to get away from her, and honest folk a-standing round who knew you'd married her, and said so. I heard it, though you didn't see me. 'He's married!' says they. Some sly registrar's-office business, no doubt; but sly doings will out. As for Margery—who's to be called higher titles in these parts henceford'ard—I'm her father, and I say it's all right what she's done. Don't I know private news, hey? Haven't I just learned that secret weddings of high people can happen at expected death-beds by special license, as well as low people at registrar's offices? And can't husbands come back and claim their own when they choose? Begone, young man, and leave noblemen's wives alone; and I thank God I shall be rid of a numskull!"

Swift words of explanation rose to Jim's lips, but they paused there and died. At that last moment he could not, as Margery's husband, announce Margery's shame and his own, and transform her father's triumph to wretchedness at a blow.

"I—I—must leave here," he stammered. Going from the place in an opposite course to that of the fugitives, he doubled when out of sight, and in an incredibly short space had entered the town. Here he made inquiries for the emblazoned carriage, and gained from one or two persons a general idea of its route. It had taken the highway to London. Saddling poor Tony before he had half eaten his corn, Jim galloped along the same road.

CHAPTER XVII.

Now Jim was quite mistaken in supposing that by leaving the field in a roundabout manner he had deceived Dairyman Tucker as to his object. That astute old man immediately divined that Jim was meaning to track the fugitives, in ignorance (as the dairyman supposed) of their lawful relation. He was soon assured of the fact, for, creeping to a remote angle of the field, he saw Jim hastening into the town. Vowing vengeance on the young lime-burner for his mischievous interference between a nobleman and his secretly wedded wife, the dairyman determined to balk him.

Tucker had ridden on to the review ground, so that there was no necessity for him, as there had been for poor Jim, to re-enter the town before starting. The dairyman hastily untied his mare from the row of other horses, mounted, and descended to a bridle-path which would take him obliquely into the London road at Winford Hill. The old man's route being along one side of an equilateral triangle, while Jim's was along two sides of the same, the former was at the point of intersection long before Hayward.

Arrived here, the dairyman pulled up and looked around. Winford Hill was a spot at which the highway forked; the left arm, the more important, led on through Melchester to London; the right to Stickleford, Anglebury, and the coast. Nothing was visible on the white track to London; but on the other there appeared the back of a carriage, which rapidly ascended a distant hill and vanished under the trees. It was the Baron's, who, according to the sworn information of the gardener at Mount Lodge, had made Margery his wife.

The carriage having vanished, the dairyman gazed in the opposite direction, toward Casterbridge. Here he beheld Jim, in his regimentals, laboriously ascending the hill on Tony's back.

Soon he reached the summit, and saw the dairyman by the way-side. But Jim did not halt. Then the dairyman committed the greatest error of his life.

"Right along the London road, if you want to catch 'em!" he said.

"Thank ye, dairyman, thank ye!" cried Jim, his pale face lighting up with gratitude, for he believed that Tucker had learned his mistake from Vine, and had come to his assistance. Without drawing rein he diminished down the hill, along the road not taken by the flying pair. The dairyman rubbed his hands with delight, and returned to the town.

Jim pursued his way through the dust, up hill and down hill, but never saw ahead of him the vehicle of his search. That vehicle was passing along a diverging lane at a distance of many miles from where he rode. Still he sped onward, till Tony showed signs of breaking down; and then Jim gathered from inquiries he made that

he had come the wrong way. Suddenly it burst upon his mind that the dairyman, still ignorant of the truth, had misinformed him. Heavier in his heart than words can describe, he turned Tony's drooping head, and resolved to drag his way home.

But the horse was now so jaded that it was impossible to proceed far. Having gone about half a mile back he came again to a small roadside hamlet and inn, where he put up Tony for a rest and feed. As for himself, there was no quiet in him. He tried to sit and eat in the inn kitchen; but he could not stay there. He went out, and paced up and down the road.

This hamlet had once been a populous village. It bore the name of Letscombe Cross. In the middle, where most of the houses had formerly stood, a road from the hills traversed the highway at right angles down to the water meads, and at the intersection rose the remains of the old mediæval cross which shared its name with the hamlet. The interesting relic of anti-Renaissance times was sadly nibbled by years and weather, but it still retained some of its old ornament, and was often copied into the pocket-book of the vagrant artist. Jim Hayward was standing in sight of this object when he beheld, advancing toward it from the opposite direction, the black horses and carriage he sought, now gilded and glorious with the dying fires of the western sun.

The why and wherefore of this sudden appearance he did not pause to consider. His resolve to intercept the carriage was instantaneous. He ran forward to the cross-roads, and there, doggedly waiting, barred the way to the advancing equipage.

The Baron's coachman shouted, but Jim stood firm as a rock, and on the former attempting to push past him, Jim drew his sword, resolving to cut the horses down rather than be displaced. The animals were thrown nearly back upon their haunches, and at this juncture a gentleman looked out of the window. It was the Baron himself.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"James Hayward," replied the young man, fiercely. "And he demands his wife."

The Baron leaped out, and told the coachman to drive back out of sight and wait for him.

"I was hastening to find you," he said to Jim, in a stern tone. "Your wife is where she ought to be, and where you ought to be also—by your own fireside. Where's the other woman?"

Jim, without replying, looked incredulously into the carriage as it turned. Margery was certainly not there. "The other woman is nothing to me," he said, bitterly. "I used her to warm up Margery: I have now done with her. The question I ask, my lord, is, what business had you with Margery to-day?"

"My business was to help her to regain the husband she had seemingly lost. I saw her; she told me you had eloped by the Anglebury road with another. I, who have—mostly—had her happiness at heart, told her I would help her to follow you if she wished. She gladly agreed; we drove after, but could hear no tidings of you in front of us. Then I took her—to your house—and there she awaits you. I promised to send you to her if human effort could do it, and was tracking you for that purpose."

"Then you've been a-pursuing after me?"

"You and the widow."

"And I've been pursuing after you and Margery! . . . My noble lord, your actions seem to show that I ought to believe you in this; and when you say you've her happiness at heart, I don't forget that you've formerly proved it to be so. Well, Heaven forbid that I should think wrongfully of you if you don't deserve it! A mystery to me you have always been, my noble lord, and in this business more than in any."

"I am glad to hear you say no worse. In one hour you'll have proof of my conduct—good and bad. Can I do anything more? Say the word, and I'll try."

Jim reflected. "Baron," he said, "I am a plain man, and wish only to lead a quiet life with my wife, as a man should. You have great power over her—power to any extent, for good or otherwise. If you command her anything on earth, righteous or questionable, that she'll do. So that, since you ask me if you can do more for me, I'll answer this, you can promise never to see her again. I mean no harm, my lord; but your presence can do no good; you will trouble us. If I return to her, will you forever stay away?"

They had met, as has been observed, by the cross. Nobody was within sight; and taking Jim by the arm, the Baron mounted the four octagonal steps, and laid his hand upon the body of the structure.

"Hayward," said the Baron, "I swear to you by this holy stone that I will disturb you and your wife by my presence no more."

In relating this curious incident to the present chronicler Jim used to declare that, to his fancy, the ruddy light of the setting sun burned with more than earthly fire on the Baron's face and on the cross as the solemn words were spoken; and that the ruby flash of his eye in the same light was what he never witnessed before nor since in the eye of mortal man. After this there was nothing more to do or say in that place. Jim accompanied his never-to-be-forgotten acquaintance to the carriage, closed the door after him, waved his hat to him, and from that hour he and the Baron met not again on earth.

A few words will suffice to explain the fortunes of Margery while the foregoing events were in action elsewhere. On leaving her companion Vine she had gone distractedly among the carriages, the rather to escape his observation than of any set purpose. Standing here she thought she heard her name pronounced, and turning, saw her foreign friend, whom she had supposed to be, if not dead, a thousand miles off. He beckoned, and she went close. "You are ill—you are wretched," he said, looking keenly in her face. "Where's your husband?"

She briefly told him her sad suspicion that Jim had run away from her. The Baron reflected, and inquired a few other particulars of her late life. Then he said: "You and I must find him. Come with me." At this word of command from the Baron she had entered the carriage as docilely as a child, and there she sat beside him till he chose to speak, which was not till they were some way out of the town, and the Baron had discovered that Jim was certainly not, as they had supposed, making off from Margery along the London road.

"To pursue him in this way is useless, I perceive," he said. "And the proper course now is that I should take you to his house. That done I will return, and bring him to you if mortal persuasion can do it."

"I didn't want to go to his house without him, sir," said she, tremblingly.

"Didn't want to!" he answered, peremptorily. "Let me remind you, Margery Hayward, that your place is in your husband's house. Till you are there you have no right to criticise his conduct, however wild it may be. Why have you not been there before?"

"I don't know, sir," she murmured, her tears falling silently upon her hand.

"Don't you think you ought to be there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course you ought."

The Baron sank into silence, and allowed his eye to rest on her. What thoughts were all at once engaging his mind after those moments of reproof? Margery had given herself into his hands without a remonstrance. Her husband had apparently deserted her. She was absolutely in his power, and they were on the high-road.

That his first impulse in inviting her to accompany him had been the legitimate one denoted by his words can not reasonably be doubted. That his second was quite otherwise soon became revealed, though not at first to her, for she was too bewildered to notice where they were going. Instead of pulling up at Jim's house, the Baron, as if influenced suddenly by her reluctance to return thither if Jim was playing truant, kept straight along the road till, at a signal from him, the coachman turned sharply to the right.

They soon approached the coast. The carriage stopped. Margery awoke from her reverie.

"Where are we?" she said, looking out of the window, with a start. Before her was a semicircular cove between rocks, and in the middle of the cove rode a yacht, its masts repeating as if from memory the rocking they had practiced in their native forest.

"At a little sea-side nook, where my yacht lies at anchor," he said, tentatively. "Now, Margery, in five minutes we can be aboard, and in half an hour we can be steaming away all the world over. Will you come?"

"I can not," she said, simply.

"Why not?"

"Because Jim is not with me, and perhaps 'twould offend him very much if he were to hear of it."

Then, on a sudden, Margery seemed to see all: she became white as a fleece, and an agonized look came into her eyes. With clasped hands she bent to the Baron. "Oh, sir!" she gasped, "I once saved your life; save me now, for pity's sake!"

Baron Xanten averted his face, opened the carriage door, quickly mounted outside, and in a second or two the carriage left the cove behind, and ascended the road by which it had come.

In half an hour they reached Stickleford, and Jim Hayward's home. The Baron alighted, and spoke to her through the window. "Margery, can you forgive a bad impulse, which I swear was unpremeditated?" he asked. "If you can, shake my hand."

She did not do it, but eventually allowed him to help her out of the carriage. He seemed to feel his error keenly; and seeing it, she said, "I forgive you, sir, on one condition: that you send my husband to me."

"I will, if any man can," said he. "Such penance is milder than I deserve! God bless you and give you happiness! I shall never see you again!" He turned, entered the carriage, and was gone; and having found out Jim's course, came up with him upon the road.

In due time the latter reached his lodging at his partner's. The woman who took care of the house in Vine's absence at once told Jim that a lady who had come in a carriage was waiting for him in his sitting-room. Jim proceeded thither with agitation, and beheld, shrinkingly ensconced in the large slippery chair, and surrounded by the brilliant articles that had so long awaited her, his long-estranged wife.

Margery's eyes were round and fear-stricken. She essayed to speak, but Jim, strangely enough, found the readier tongue then. "Why did I do it, you would ask," he said. "I can not tell. Do you forgive my deception? Oh, Margery—you are my Margery still! But how could you trust yourself in the Baron's hands this afternoon, without knowing him better?"

"He said I was to come, and I went," she said, as well as she could for tearfulness.

"You obeyed him blindly."

"I did. But perhaps I was not justified in doing it."

"I don't know," said Jim, musingly. "I think he's a good man." Margery did not explain. And then a sunnier mood succeeded her tremblings and tears, till old Mr. Vine came into the house below, and Jim went down to declare that all was well, and sent off his partner to break the news to Margery's father, who as yet remained unenlightened.

The dairyman bore the intelligence of his daughter's untitled state as best he could, and punished her by not coming near her for several weeks, though at last he grumbled his forgiveness, and made up matters with Jim. The handsome Mrs. Peach vanished to Budmouth, and found another sailor, not without a reasonable complaint against Jim and Margery both that she had been unfairly used.

As for the mysterious gentleman who had exercised such an influence over their lives, he kept his word, and was a stranger to Stickleford thenceforward. Baron or no Baron, Englishman or foreigner, he had shown a genuine interest in Jim, and real sorrow for a certain shady phase of his acquaintance with Margery. That he had a more tender feeling toward the young girl than he wished her or any one else to perceive, there could be no doubt. That he was strongly tempted at times to adopt other than straightforward courses with regard to her is also clear, particularly at that critical hour when she rolled along the high-road with him in the carriage, in obedience to his suggestion that they should pursue Jim. But at other times he schooled doubtful sentiments into fair conduct, which even erred on the side of harshness. In after-years there was a report that another attempt on his life, during one of those fits of sick moodiness to which he seemed constitutionally liable, had been effectual; but nobody in Stickleford was in a position to ascertain the truth.

There he is still regarded as one who had something about him magical and unearthly. In his mystery let him remain; for a man, no less than a landscape, who awakens an interest under uncertain lights and touches of unfathomable shade, may cut but a poor figure in a garish noontide shine.

When she heard of his possible death Margery sat in her nursing-chair, gravely thinking for nearly ten minutes, to the total neglect of her infant in the cradle. Jim, from the other side of the fire-place, said: "You are sorry enough for him, Margery. I am sure of that."

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "I am sorry."

"Suppose he were to suddenly appear and say in a voice of command, 'Margery, come with me!'"

"I believe I should have no power to disobey," she returned, with a mischievous look. "He was like a magician to me. I think he was one. He could move me as a loadstone moves a speck of steel. . . . Yet no," she added, hearing the baby cry, "he would not move me now."

"Well," said Jim, with no great concern (for "*la jalousie rétrospective*," as George Sand terms it, had nearly died out of him), "however he might move ye, my love, he'll never come. He swore it to me: and he was a man of his word."

THE END.

BELOW SANDY HOOK.

The narrow stretch of ocean beach lying between Sandy Hook and Long Branch, where not many years ago were to be found only scattered settlements of fishermen, now presents a series of attractive summer resorts. The rude shanties have mostly disappeared, giving place to elegant cottages, handsome villas, and commodious hotels. The Highlands, Bellevue, Seabright, Monmouth Beach, and other stations on the line of the railroad, are all places of popular retreat from the overpowering heat of our New York summers. At Seabright, as may be seen in our sketch on page 488, may still be found vestiges of the fishery settlements, and quite a large number of people are still engaged there, as well as at other places along the coast, in their old occupation.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Mississippi judge calls his package of railway passes "unsolicited compliments to his official station." When his official station takes a free ride he goes along to keep it company.

A Sioux chief of the exclamatory name of Humph recently visited the Department of the Interior. He told Secretary Teller that he was travelling at his own expense, and had not come to beg money.

According to a Western school-teacher, the habit of chewing gum is productive of myopia among pupils. Being forbidden to chew gum during school hours, they seek to avoid detection in the illicit enjoyment of the enduring morsel by holding their books close to their faces, thus bringing on short-sightedness.

The non-appearance of the sea-serpent at the watering-places is giving rise to much discussion of the question whether landlords are becoming less enterprising.

Oscar Wilde writes of the Michael-Angelesque appearance of a London policeman. The appearance of the New York policemen is merely Michaelesque.

"Telephone receptions" are popular in the West. There will never be such a thing as a telephone tea-party so long as telephones continue to be so made that only one person can talk at a time.

A French experimenter with decapitated insects has discovered that many varieties live for a considerable time without their heads, and go running about as though they were hardly aware that anything is missing. Conundrum: Why is the Democratic party like an insect?

A rural justice of the peace sentenced a prisoner to pay a fine for fighting, whereupon the prisoner accused his Honor of stealing chickens with him, and taking them to a barber's shop to be cooked. The justice indignantly recalled the man, and imposed an additional penalty of a fine of thirty dollars or ninety days in jail. It is never safe to accuse the Court of stealing chickens; his Honor may have reformed.

It is set forth in behalf of Lake George that the lake never has been mentioned in any River and Harbor bill.

The first day's shooting in the international rifle match at Wimbledon was on the short ranges. The Americans led their English opponents by eighteen points on the 200 and 600 yards ranges, and were only ten points behind on the 500 yards range. They made sixteen more points than the English team shooting at the 800 yards range. On the 900 and 1000 yards ranges the Englishmen made up the twenty-four points they needed to make them even with the Americans and scored forty-five points additional. With the exception of the 500 yards range, the English riflemen got their advantage on the long ranges. At 900 yards and 1000 yards the Englishmen defeated the Americans by thirty-four and thirty-five points respectively. These figures seem to indicate that the rifles with which the American team shot were inferior in carrying power to those used by the English marksmen.

It has been decided that the negro who permitted blood to be taken from his arm for the purpose of transfusion into the veins of a man who was suffering from asphyxiation by illuminating gas shall be paid for the blood taken at the rate of about twenty-four dollars an ounce. His bill amounts to nearly two hundred dollars. The man who has the blood paid him five dollars for it and his services for several days as a nurse, and believed that he had settled in full.

The Boston *Advertiser* speaks a good word for the modern casino. The word, it says, no longer suggests the little dance-house of olden times, but a play-ground of those who seek healthful exercises in common. The enjoyment of the benefits which a casino affords is "a form of refined communism worthy of general adoption."

The strife to market the first bale of new cotton has resulted this season in the charge that the alleged first bale was not new cotton, but was of last season's crop. The bale was displayed in front of the Cotton Exchange, in Savannah, when a veteran expert came along and began to examine it. "It don't look like new cotton," he murmured; "it don't feel like new cotton; it don't smell like new cotton; and—it ain't new cotton; for here's an old dried-up cockspur in it." The charge of fraud was indignantly hurled back by the producer of the bale, and the end is not yet.

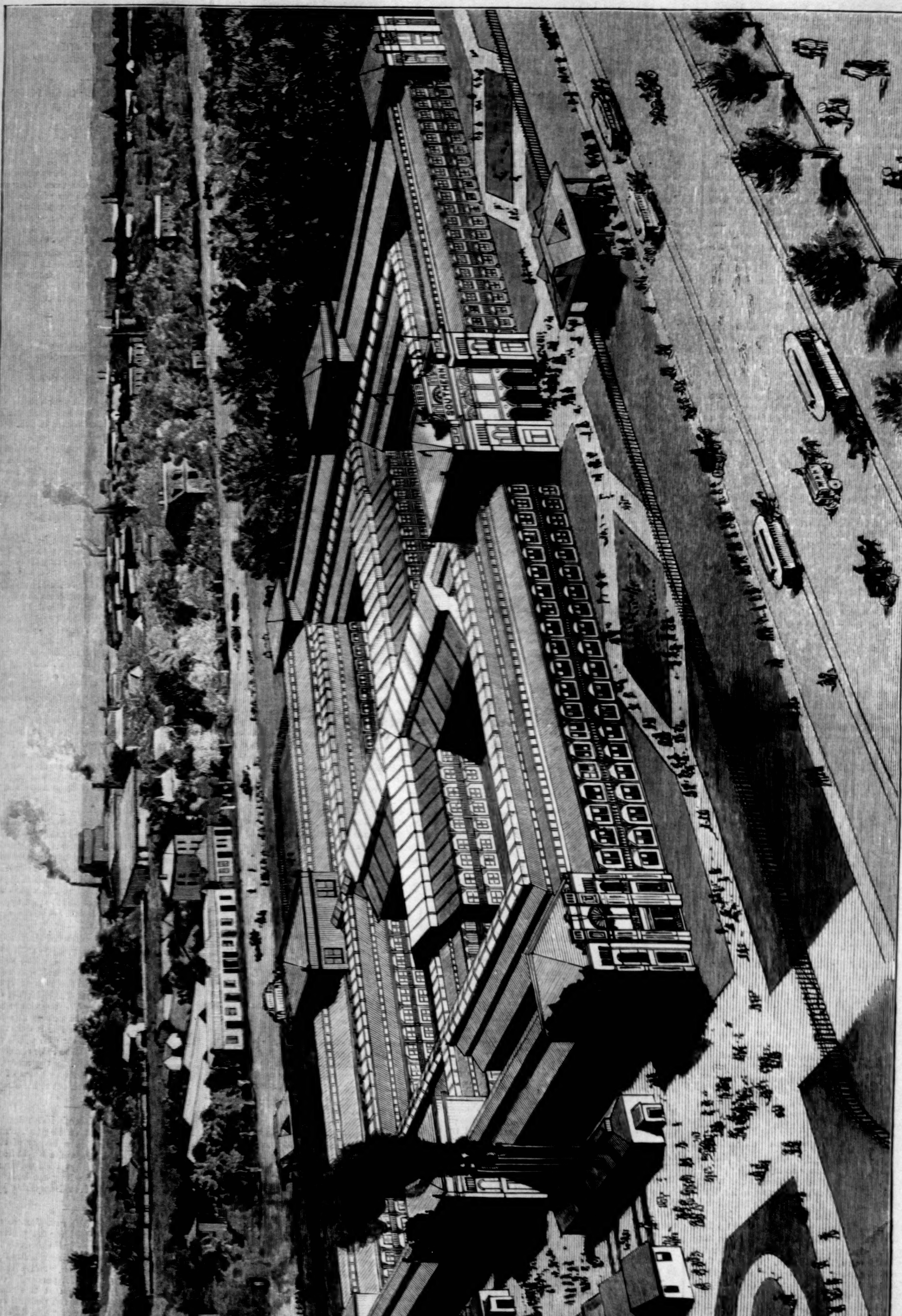
English purchasers of Confederate bonds will be interested in the information that the United States government is a large holder of those securities, which are now stored in the building of the War Department with other things that were captured when the rebellion collapsed. It has been suggested that the government can realize handsomely on the several bales of that sort of paper in its possession if English speculators are still in a purchasing mood.

A tenor of some repute named Monroe has gone mad over his pet hobby—whistling—and is confined in an asylum in France. This is the first authenticated instance of a confirmed whistler coming to grief. They usually whistle on serenely to the close of their untroubled days, while those around them take to the woods and become hermits, or stay to be sat upon by commissions *de lunatico inquirendi*.

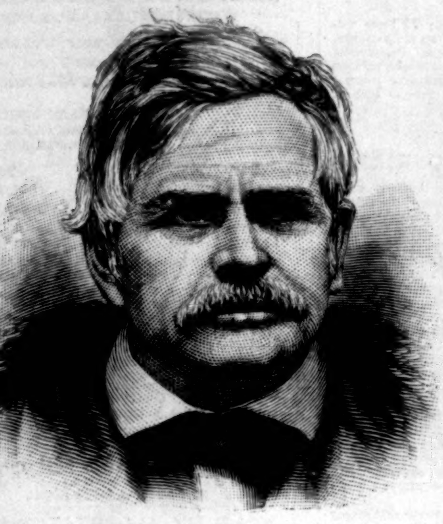
Chief Moses, the untutored Indian, is not wholly untutorable if, acting upon his own observations, he can always come off so well as he did on the occasion of his latest visit to Washington. Having learned the uses of money, he asked the White Father for $150,000, offering to take trade dollars. The magnificence of his request had its effect, and he was able to enter into an agreement by which he is to have $1000 a year, and an extra $1000 with which to build him a house. Commissioner Price remarked that the worse an Indian behaves the more he gets, and it is feared that if Moses hears of this remark he will want to back out of his bargain and try again.

Yankee enterprise is again illustrated by a story which comes from New England. The State of New Hampshire pays a bounty of ten cents apiece for crows' heads, and a bright boy across the Massachusetts line has been making money by shooting crows and selling the heads for seven cents apiece to a New Hampshire jobber in the same article.

An association for the manufacture and sale of ballot-boxes "designed for the prevention of fraud at elections" has been incorporated in Massachusetts. Among the incorporators are ex-Governors, ex-Congressmen, "and other prominent men of both political parties." Optimists will be pleased to learn that this mechanical movement in the direction of political reform is not one upon which parties divide. Perhaps the time will come when, in lieu of other credentials, the Congressman-elect will take with him to Washington a paper signed by the president of this Massachusetts association setting forth that he was duly elected by the use of the patent fraud-proof ballot-box, and that, in the event of any preposterous person attempting to contest his seat, it will not be necessary to go back of the returns.



THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.—VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 489.]



GENERAL ORD.—[See Page 487.]

GENERAL CROOK.
Photographed by Randall.—[See Page 487.]

WALTER C. PALMER, M.D.—Photographed by Richardson.

THE HON. MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

The Hon. Montgomery Blair, who died on the 27th ult. at his country residence, Silver Springs, Maryland, was the eldest son of Francis Preston Blair, and was born in Franklin County, Kentucky, on the 10th of May, 1813. His first ambition was to be a soldier, and he was accordingly sent to West Point, where he graduated in 1835. A few months' service in the Seminole war appears to have quenched his thirst for military glory, for he resigned his commission in 1836, and began the practice of law in St. Louis, Missouri.

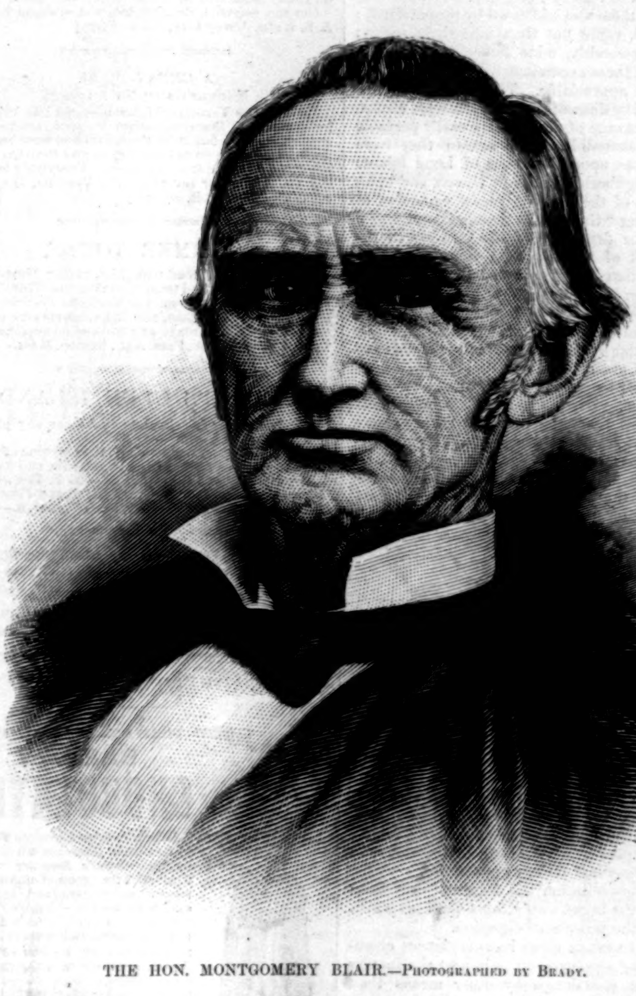
His ability as a lawyer was very marked, and in 1839 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Missouri, and from 1843 to 1849 he was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1852 Judge Blair removed to Maryland, and three years later he was appointed Solicitor of the United States in the Court of Claims. He acted as counsel for the plaintiff in the celebrated Dred Scott case; but having joined the Republican party after the repeal of the Missouri compromise, he was removed from office in 1858 by President Buchanan, who resented his change in political opinion.

Judge Blair presided over the Republican Convention of Maryland in 1860, and in 1861 President Lincoln made him Postmaster-General. While holding this office he instituted several salutary changes and reforms, and at one time created great excitement by an order excluding from the mails certain newspapers which had been presented by the Grand Jury of New York as disloyal sheets. The matter was brought before Congress, and the action of the Postmaster-General was approved.

The year 1864 marked another turning-point in Judge Blair's political career. His views becoming too conservative to suit the demands of the Republican party, his resignation from the cabinet was requested and accepted, and thenceforth he acted with the Democrats. His brother, Francis P. Blair, Jun., was candidate for Vice-President on the ticket headed by Governor Seymour. After leaving the cabinet Judge Blair held no public office, but was prominent in party movements, and was especially active in the attempt to have the decision of the Electoral Commission reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is worthy of note that the Blair family, though slave-holders, were strong antislavery men, and ardently devoted to the cause of the Union. Francis P. Blair, Sen., was one of the founders of the Republican party, and the second son served with distinction in the Union armies. Personally Judge Blair was a very genial man, of simple habits and tastes and unaffected manner. It was one of his ambitions to write the life of General Jackson, who had left the material for this purpose to the elder Blair, by whom it had been turned over to the Judge. Public duties, however, prevented him from carrying out the design.

Judge Blair owned a fine house in Washington, besides his country-seat at Silver Springs. Here he owned a farm of six hundred acres, and was noted for his fondness for country life and pursuits.



THE HON. MONTGOMERY BLAIR.—Photographed by Brady.

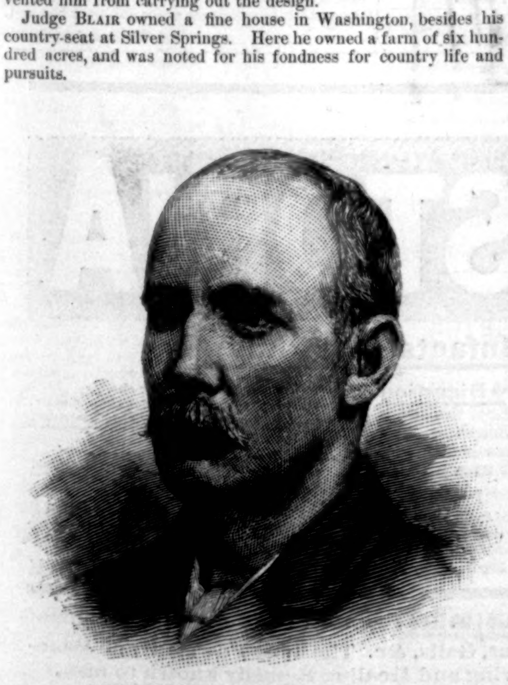
WALTER C. PALMER, M.D.

Dr. Walter C. Palmer, well known both as a physician and an evangelist, died at Ocean Grove on Friday, July 20. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-nine years, having been born in New Jersey, February, 1804. Nearly the whole of his life, however, was spent in this city.

After graduating at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he engaged in the practice of medicine with very considerable success. More than forty years ago he began the work of an evangelist, and for this purpose opened his parlors for a Tuesday-afternoon religious meeting, which was attended by Christians of every sect and name. The meeting, which was conducted jointly by himself and his wife, Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, became one of the features of the religious life of New York city. Up to the time of Dr. Palmer's death the attendance upon it of Christians from all parts of the world never diminished. The example of Dr. Palmer has been widely imitated, and weekly meetings of a similar kind are now held in all our principal cities.

Dr. Palmer's labors as an evangelist were not confined to New York. Accompanied by his wife he made extensive tours through the United States and Canada, holding religious assemblies, in which it was his aim to increase the faith and devotion of Christians, and to arouse attention to personal piety throughout the community at large. One of his most extensive tours, that through Great Britain and Ireland, lasted four years, and awakened great interest.

Dr. Palmer was never ordained; he was a plain layman who occupied himself in doing good to his fellow-men. For thirty-seven years he edited and published the *Guide to Holiness*, a periodical devoted to the advocacy of the view of Christian perfection cherished by himself and many other Methodists. He was a man of much catholicity of feeling, of a sunny temper, and was always disposed to look at life on its cheerful side. Up to the end of his career he enjoyed an unusual degree of bodily and mental vigor. He was in the midst of his beloved work of holding religious meetings at the time of his death.



CAPTAIN WEBB.—Photographed by Conly.

CETEWAYO.

When the King of Zululand returned to his dominions last September, on his release from captivity, he found several powerful chieftains opposed to his restoration. Defeat and imprisonment had destroyed his old prestige. His military system had been broken up, and all the conditions of his country were unfavorable to a peaceful resumption of power. Almost from the date of his restoration he has been engaged in warfare with border chieftains, principally with Zibebu and Hamu, the latter his half-brother. The English had confirmed Zibebu in his position as an independent chief, and a large district in Northern Zululand was placed under his authority. Hamu, on the other hand, was under the jurisdiction of Cetewayo, and in uniting with Zibebu was guilty of rebellion. It was at first reported that Cetewayo had defeated the allied chieftains, but the latest news is that he has been killed.

Cetewayo was a savage of marked characteristics. In person he was large and powerful, jet black, with large and brilliant eyes, a beard, and small mustache. The lower part of his face denoted brute power and determination.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB.

The brave English sailor who in 1875 became famous because he had performed the unparalleled feat of swimming across the English Channel from Dover to Calais without the help of artificial means, and who on several subsequent occasions in both hemispheres showed that his fame had been both easily and honestly won, was lost on the afternoon of the 24th of July while attempting to swim through the Whirlpool Rapids of the Niagara River, two miles below the Falls. Besides being the greatest swimmer ever known, Captain Webb had received three medals for gallantly trying to save the life of a fellow-sailor who in 1873 fell overboard from the yard-arm of the Cunard steamship *Russia*.

Forty years ago a party of New York boat-builders, who had gone to Niagara Falls to build the celebrated little excursion steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, were sitting on the precipitous shore that overlooked the whirlpool. The waters of the river (at that point about a quarter of a mile wide) were whirling around as if in a huge bowl out of whose bottom the plug had been drawn; and presently from the centre of the circuit there spurted an angry stream about twenty-five feet high. The suction power of that vast whirlpool excited the curiosity of the spectators, and having felled half a score of trees, they made a stout raft, and floated it to the outer edge of the revolving torrent. The mass of wood was soon in rapid motion along the circumference, and a few minutes later was

KING CETEWAYO.—Drawn from Life.

drawn into the vortex. Though diligently searched for, it was never seen again by those who had launched it. The next spring, when the tremendous ice-bridge of the Niagara River had broken to pieces, the same men saw a block of ice "as large as a brick house" float on the current until it reached the mouth of the whirlpool, where it seemed to be devoured as easily as a shark would swallow a child. Four of those boat-builders—Messrs. JOHN P. HATHORN and WILLIAM HATHORN, of this city, and GEORGE CODINGTON and JOHN YOUNG, of Geneva, New York—still live to astonish their friends with the marvellous story of the whirlpool, and one of them, after recounting it afresh to the present writer, added: "I would rather take my chances in shooting the falls than in trying to cross the whirlpool. If I had met WEBB before he went into the water, I should have said to him: 'For Heaven's sake, my friend, don't do it! If a raft of logs got sucked in, how can you hope to come out alive?'"

The last seen of WEBB he was holding up his right arm while disappearing in the fatal vortex. His body has not been recovered.

ROWDY EXCURSIONS.

WE are sometimes inclined to revile the police force, and we learn with frequency from the daily press that it is at once brutal and inefficient. But to understand how vitally necessary it is to the maintenance of order it is only necessary to remark the behavior of the criminal classes when they are temporarily relieved from all apprehensions of arrest or official clubbing. The picnics which still take place on Manhattan Island give scope for a comparative freedom of manners. One after another of the old resorts has disappeared, its site having come into use for building, and the places that once knew the rough and the female operative in their hours of ease know them now no more. Jones's Wood and one or two less famous urban ruralities still withstand the progress of improvement; and the belated passenger upon the Third Avenue horse-cars, bound down at one or two o'clock in the morning, still has occasion for wonder at the freedom of social customs as exemplified in flirtations of extreme desperation and in personal conflicts which are carried on with an equal candor and disdain of concealment. Since the elevated roads, however, the returning picnickers are seldom subjected to the austere and unsympathetic criticism of fellow-passengers less intoxicated and more sophisticated than themselves, since they still cling to the horse-cars, which they have almost altogether to themselves. The prudent conductor of the vehicle, who apparently shares the social standard of his passengers, does not interfere with the fighting, unless it be carried on with deadly weapons, and commonly regards the proceedings with an indulgent smile, unless his own passions are aroused by the refusal or delay of one of the performers to pay his fare.

These disorders, however, seldom reach a fatal termination, or anything more serious than a black eye and rent raiment. They only serve to show what might happen if these pleasing persons were altogether removed from any terror of the law. And this is precisely what does happen when these pleasing persons indulge themselves in a steamboat excursion to some suburban shore. The ordinary summer excursion, with a barge and a tug, is entirely democratic in its composition. There is no prerequisite to a participation of its joys except the payment of fifty cents. Establish a bar on a barge crowded with passengers of the humble but hardy variety which such an excursion would be likely to attract, remove from them for the day all terror of the police, and furnish no guarantee of order except the presence of a few deck hands, who, even if they be not naturally sympathetic with the rough, are inured to his ways by long experience, and whom he could readily overcome by power of numbers, and you have already a tolerably good assurance of pandemonium. Even when the roughs are in a numerical minority they can control the proceedings. As BURKE remarked of the Jacobins, "strong passions awaken the faculties, and suffer not a particle of the man to be lost." A very small sprinkling of this active element can keep a whole boatload of passive passengers in terror, the passive passengers being in the habit of trusting to law and order. They can not suppress the roughs without organizing for that purpose, and giving their whole minds to it, as the roughs give their whole minds to the business of destroying the pleasure and acquiring the portable property of their respectable fellow-passengers. This is not in most cases practicable, and even if it were, to spend the day sitting on a rough's head, and threatening to blow his brains out if he moves, does not fully answer the peaceable citizen's idea of a pleasure excursion, although the reverse of the process would give the rough himself a high degree of satisfaction.

Our artist has given the peaceable picnicker who takes his pleasure in promiscuous excursions a valuable suggestion in the way of making himself impervious to the assaults of his companions. The adoption of his suggestion would relieve him of much embarrassment. It is open, however, to the objection that the roughs might throw the heavily armed citizen about the deck for the Homeric pleasure of hearing how "his arms resounded as he fell." They might even go the length of throwing him overboard for the fun of seeing him sink. His condition would be like that of HORATIUS when

"fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows."

The roughs, however, would be deeply pained to see him fulfill the next lines:

"And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose."

But there would be little chance that he would defeat their just expectations by floating.

Instead of intrenching himself in this manner, the peaceable citizen has another refuge open to him, and that is, not to go upon promiscuous excursions without any police. The terror of the rough is of old date. It must be twenty years since Mr. LELAND, in one of his Breitmann ballads, set forth the perils of roughs that encompassed the mild "Yarman" when he went to Coney Island on a steamboat. But the time when Coney Island was an Alsatia has already receded into a remote antiquity, and the citizen who longs for fresh air can no longer complain that it is necessary to take it in bad company or not at all. The boats of the Iron Steamboat Company and Mr. STARIN'S boats for Glen Island, as well as the ferry-boats to Staten Island and other regular suburban lines, offer the excursionist a guarantee of safety and decency. It is at his proper peril that he rejects this guarantee and takes his chances on a promiscuous fifty-cent excursion.

The most outrageous excesses and disorders are committed upon excursions which are intended for the exclusive and almost avowed benefit of the criminal classes. No decent person has any excuse for joining in the aquatic pleasures of those bodies which are known to their own members as clubs and associations and target companies, but to the police more compendiously and accurately as "gangs." There are, no doubt, exceptions to their general disrepute, and whoever is quite sure that he has discovered an exception may violate the rule of not going. But the rule in regard to them was laid down by the patriarch: "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united." In these excursions the respectable element is not appreciable. They vary the fighting on board by descents upon unprotected coasts, which they ravage of all property easily portable or easily destructible. This season they have made descents upon the shore of Long Island, upon the neighborhood of New Haven, and upon the suburbs of the bay. A recent excursion of the something "Guards" to Staten Island was a riot from the departure of the steamer to the coming back of the same, and it was supposed for a time that the vivacity of the rioters had tempted them into murder, but this proved to be an error. We were about to write, unfortunately this proved to be an error. And there really is no particular reason why anybody should concern himself about these openly criminal excursions, except to secure decent neighborhoods from invasion. If the excursionists would only stay out upon the water and devote themselves to mutual extermination, there would be no occasion for regret on public grounds. Indeed, an unscrupulous philanthropist who held that the end justified the means would have a very plausible defense on moral grounds if he should scuttle a steamer crowded with excursionists of this variety many miles from shore.

SOMETHING ABOUT BREAD-MAKING.

BY the process of bread-making it is intended to convert the flour of certain grains into a cellular structure, in which it is most easily chewed, saturated with the fluids of the mouth, and digested. In order to arrive at this end, alcoholic fermentation is resorted to from olden times, by introducing the same in the dough by means of brewers' yeast. Thus a small part of the flour is converted into glucose, which again is transformed into alcohol and carbonic acid. The former is recognized by its peculiar vinous odor, exhaled by the loaves, when sufficiently raised. Both gases produce the raising of the dough—*i. e.*, the porous and spongy appearance.

By this fermentation the flour not only loses weight, but the bread also attains qualities which may injure the process of digestion.

In order to evade these inconveniences chemists have long ago searched to impart the spongy structure of the dough by other means than yeast, respectively by substances evolving gaseous bodies, or which in the oven are transformed into gases themselves. To the best known belong the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, certainly well known to all housewives. And with regard to most of the baking powders of the trade, they are mainly preparations containing these substances. However, it cannot be said of any of them that they exert a beneficial influence on the system, not to speak of the adulterations to which most of them have lately been subjected.

We are glad to learn that *Prof. E. N. Horsford*, of Cambridge, Mass., who held the chair of chemistry in Harvard University, invented some time since a baking preparation forming an exception to those spoken of, which has already attained universal reputation.

The idea by which Prof. HORSFORD was guided was not only to furnish a substitute for brewers' yeast, but also to provide those nutritious constituents of the flour lost in the bran in the process of bolting. These are the so-called phosphates, which are also the nutritive salts of meat, and of the utmost importance for the building-up of the organism. If we take into consideration that the nutritive value of wheaten flour is from twelve to fifteen per cent. less than that of the wheat grain, and that this loss is now restored by Prof. HORSFORD'S invention, then we must look upon it as of the greatest national economic importance. As JUSTUS VON LIEBIG, said: "The result is the same as if the fertility of our wheat fields had been increased by one seventh or one eighth."—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Softens the hair when harsh and dry.
Soothes the irritated scalp.
Affords the richest lustre.
Prevents the hair from falling off.
Promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A GOOD THING.

DR. ADAM MILLER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have recommended Horsford's Acid Phosphate to my patients, and have received very favorable reports. It is one of the very few really valuable preparations now offered to the afflicted. In a practice of thirty-five years I have found a few good things, and this is one of them."—[*Adv.*]

DIRECTIONS HOW TO KILL

And clear out Roaches, Water-bugs, Beetles, Ants, Flies, Moths, Bed-bugs, etc., with "Rough on Rats." The dry powder, unmixed, should be sprinkled down the waste-pipe leading from sinks, cesspools, etc., and elsewhere about and upon sinks—when can be safely used. Repeat every night till all disappear. Mix it freely with sweetened water, also with brown sugar, and spread on dishes; and mix with cheese and smear about the cracks and crevices of sinks, waste-pipes, etc. Put a pint of Benzine in a bottle, add a 15 ct. box "Rough on Rats," put a quill through the cork, and douche the mixture where bugs roost—in mortices, nail-holes, cracks in walls, etc. When far back out of reach use a metal syringe. The "Rough on Rats" will remain as a permanent irritant, and Bugs will soon vacate.

For Flies and Mosquitoes: Put a teaspoonful of "Rough on Rats" in a plate of water slightly sweetened with molasses or sugar, to attract the Flies; stir it well several times, and stir it every day; set it up or suspend it in the room, out of reach of children. A plate in each room, kept well stirred up each day, will keep the place free from Flies and Mosquitoes the entire season.

For Bed-bugs: Mix with cheese or grease and smear about their habitations, and with Benzine as above mentioned.

For Moths: Sprinkle under and upon edges of carpets, and in bottom of trunks and drawers.

A mixture of Raw Eggs and Corn Meal, and "Rough on Rats," is sure to be eaten by Rats and Mice.

Get the genuine 15c. and 25c. boxes, made only by E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.—[*Adv.*]

A GREAT BOON.

MOSQUITOES OF NO ACCOUNT.

Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment stops the irritation immediately. Boarding-house keepers, where mosquitoes abound, buy it by the barrel and now boarders flock in numbers so as to be bitten and have the pleasure of being cured free of charge. Everybody is blessing Dr. Tobias for inventing the Venetian Liniment. All druggists keep it.—[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.

THE Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston will be mailed free to any address on application to LUCIUS TUTTLE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

STARIN'S GLEN ISLAND.

"IT is as near fairyland, probably, as any place in this part of the world."—*N. Y. Times.*

"The odor of new-mown hay, the perfume of countless roses, the soft breeze, the trim lawns, and the well-kept paths appeal to the visitors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, and Foot of 33d St., East River, and Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., N.Y., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

DR. FENNER'S ST. VITUS DANCE SPECIFIC.—One bottle always cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATES

Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

THE ANTI-STYLOGRAPH

(HEARSON'S PATENT, U.S.A., JAN. 10, 1882.)

A self feeding reservoir pen, writes continuously with any ink and by means of a pen with ordinary nibs

PENS TO REFILL, (Fine, Medium, or Broad Points), 40c. PER BOX.

MAY BE CARRIED IN THE POCKET WITHOUT LEAKING AND IS READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE

THE ORDINARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HAND-WRITING ARE ENTIRELY PRESERVED

$1.00 POCKET SIZE REQUIRES NO ADJUSTMENT

$1.50 DESK SIZE PEN RENEWABLE AT PLEASURE

FITTED WITH A NON-CORRODIBLE PEN.
Simple in construction and not liable to get out of order.

POCKET SIZE $2.50 FITTED WITH PALLADIUM PEN (IRIDIUM-POINTED) DESK SIZE $3.00
Flexible as Steel, durable as Gold.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

THOS. DE LA RUE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS & SOLE LICENSEES,
LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass. Also manufacturers of American Double Action Revolver.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c. Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

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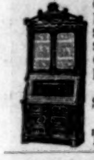

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